

Six Months of Lindsay *William V. Shannon*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 16, 1966, 35 cents

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

JUL 12 1966

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The War President

The Editors

Air Raid Puzzles — *Bernard B. Fall*

New Jersey Stench — *James Ridgeway*

Waugh — *Joseph Featherstone*

The New Europe — *Bernard Nossiter*

Nuclear Spread — *John Finney*

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"If you had printed more about the (Bay of Pigs) operation, you would have saved us from a colossal mistake."—Pres. John F. Kennedy to Turner Catledge, then Managing Editor, *The New York Times*, at the White House, May, 1961.

"... The Bay of Pigs operation might well have been cancelled and the country would have been saved enormous embarrassment if The New York Times and other newspapers had been more diligent in the performance of their duty—their duty to keep the public informed..."—Clifton Daniel, Managing Editor, *The New York Times*, June 1, 1966.

"Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that?—stupid."—Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, to a group of U.S. war correspondents in Saigon, July, 1965 (quoted in article by Morley Safer, CBS News, inserted into *The Congressional Record*, May 12, 1966).

IF it is true that until now we have not had *all* the facts—

IF it is true that facts have been *deliberately withheld*—

IF it is true that only certain officials and certain institutions are *permitted* to have all the facts—

THEN isn't it time that average American citizens began to depend on their own fact-gathering resources?

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DONALD DUNCAN, of *Ramparts*, former member Special Forces,

RUSSELL JOHNSON, American Friends Service Committee,

WILLIAM KUNSTLER, well-known civil liberties attorney, and

FLOYD McKISSICK, National Director, CORE.

The Mission is assured all cooperation of the Cambodian government, which has repeatedly asked for honest and responsible border inspection—including that of U.S. Senators, accepted in principle by Vice President Humphrey, although no date has yet been set, and no Senators have been selected.

The Mission will have full freedom to investigate what is happening on ALL the borders of Cambodia—and to get the facts concerning alleged "Vietcong sanctuary" and a so-called "Sihanouk Trail."

We are requesting that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee invite the Mission's members to testify on their findings—in addition to our own publication of the Mission's Report on Cambodia.

YOU can help make a success of the Mission to Cambodia and assure the permanent role of AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW as a future watchdog against press and official misrepresentations, by contributing NOW to the costs of this trip (\$1500 per person), all of which will be raised exclusively by voluntary contributions.

Use the coupon below to become part of this NEW development in the peace movement, the best preventive action we as Americans can take against further military interventions, aggressions and escalations.



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It's Not Dodd on Trial

★ Congress has an ignoble side which it lacks self-respect to correct. That's why charges against Senator Dodd by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson are important. Expressed crudely, Congress is a club which often puts loyalty to itself above loyalty to the country.

Showman Drew Pearson is not always reliable, but he is a watchdog. He has developed an information system whereby disgruntled clerks or cabinet heads leak their gripes to him, whether for revenge, money or simple disgust. Pearson has put several congressmen in jail. Envious competitors sneer; officials and legislators fear. This reporter has watched Pearson operate for 40 years. He is a Quaker who, under showmanship and occasional quirks, has indignation and guts.

Did Sen. Dodd use campaign money for personal ends? Did he use public office to aid a lobbyist? The Senator has sued Pearson for \$2 million. This may have been a mistake because it means a judicial trial after the Senate inquiry. The latter, by the precious "Ethics Committee," is rightly suspect. Who does not know that Congress has a double standard; one for bullying unfortunate executives, another for protecting members? It would be unfair to judge Dodd beforehand. But it is not Dodd who's on trial; it's Congress.

Congress, after Fourth of July speeches, is in a mood of lethargy. Everything is dominated by Vietnam and the knowledge that Republicans will make gains, probably big, in the bounce-back after the abnormal Johnson 1964 landslide. Vietnam threatens one important measure, the President's "Demonstration Cities" bill. This deals indirectly

with the crumbling city-state-federal relationship. This is creating one of the biggest political earthquake belts in America, extending from Watts, California, to the tax troubles of Mayor Lindsay in New York.

Something has to give. Mayors and governors in their respective annual national conferences have noted this. In NYC, for example, a million and a half middle-class whites have fled since 1950 and been replaced by a million and a half Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The move out has been into surrounding white, bedroom suburbs; the move in has been to the central city. Mayor Lindsay is trying to tax the out-of-city commuters, who earn their living in the five counties by day and then slip away by night. Much the same thing is happening in cities around the nation. Seventy percent of Americans now live in cities. There is a white noose choking them. In Washington the enrollment in city schools is now about 90 percent Negro; Detroit, Baltimore, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Chicago are expected to have Negro majorities in the next generation; "a country," says columnist Joseph Alsop, "whose cities are mainly Negro ghettos surrounded by thick, smugly affluent fringes of white suburbs."

Cities and States

★ Federal programs are moving more and more massively to aid cities, and states and governors are being bypassed and are complaining about it. It is preposterous for the suburban arms and legs of the city to be surgically dismembered from the trunk. Anyone can see that somehow or other they must be reunited, and also that the cities must have greater freedom from the waning states. Some towns can't fix dogcatchers' fees without consent of the state legislatures. Mayor Lindsay has a budget a billion dollars bigger than NY State's, yet the smaller unit controls the larger; the mayor must go cap in hand to Albany to plead for permission to raise his own taxes.

The federal government has the money while the cities have the problems. Federal debt has risen only 16 percent since 1945; local governments are up to their ears in IOU's—their debt has increased a staggering 395

percent. It's a critical matter of slums, schools and sewers, of the poor and of public squalor.

The "Demonstration Cities Act" would make several billion dollars of federal money available over six years to help a selected number of cities undertake massive, coordinated rehabilitation programs, in a single demonstration area in each city. With a war on, Congress may balk. Yet if priority pressure for Vietnam should take precedence over this it would be a "national disaster," says Mayor Lindsay.

Vietnam, in fact, is threatening a lot of reforms. The US Chamber of Commerce voted overwhelmingly recently in favor of federal entrenchment. It brings a rather grim "I told you so" from economists like Galbraith and Keyserling. They wanted to prime the pump under the "new economics" in 1963, but by increased outlays rather than tax cuts. Taxes once cut, they argued, could not in the event of need be increased. This is just what has happened. The economy is restored and inflation is here, but the people who got tax cuts are predictably fighting to keep them. They demand retrenchment which means, in effect, "let the poor pay for Vietnam."

This inflationary boom may have two unheralded results. Corporate profits are unparalleled and unprecedented income is sluicing into the Treasury. The US consolidated cash budget will probably be in the black for this calendar year—a surplus; it will be an amazing performance for wartime.

The other result will be harsh—it probably means labor strife next year. Wages now lag behind profits. Top Johnson economist Gardner Ackley recently noted that the average factory worker is working longer hours but earning no more than a year ago. If prices and profits keep rising, he asked, "Does anyone imagine that labor will continue to show moderation?"

★ Notes: While America sweltered, TRB scraped ice off his windshield. Nice—? It was like a news-free tank under water. The Rockies barred radio, and the "newspaper" carried sports. Bomb Hanoi and Haiphong? In a simple wonder citizens asked, "why not?" Never underestimate the impermeability to debate of small-town America.

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The War President

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In Omaha, the day after Hanoi and Haiphong were first hit, the President called on God to forgive his critics, "for they know not what they do." All of us stand in need of enlightenment; human judgment is fallible. Just how fallible, Mr. Johnson illustrates. "We have made it clear," he said, "that we wish negotiations to begin on the basis of international agreements made in 1954 and in 1966"; and, "those who say that this is merely a Vietnamese 'civil war' are wrong. The warfare in South Vietnam was started by the government of North Vietnam in 1959." God forgive us, we don't think so.

As early as 1956, the then government of South Vietnam with the backing of the United States, violated the 1954 Geneva agreements, which provided, among other things, for "general elections which will bring the unification of Vietnam"; it also prohibited "the introduction into Vietnam of any troop reinforcements and additional military personnel." Within two years, Ngo Dinh Diem, with our military aid, had made himself a dictator, smashed all political opposition and spurned elections to bring about unification. The Viet Cong began as an armed rebellion against Diem (of whom the US itself finally tired and in 1963 allowed to be overthrown and murdered by a military junta). Intervention from outside Vietnam has been largely American - so far.

Nevertheless, the President now affirms that he will accept and abide by those Geneva agreements. Why, then, don't the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese agree to negotiate on that basis? Our hunch is, because they don't believe him, and they may well be right. Actions do speak louder than words, and Mr. Johnson is acting out his determination to preserve South Vietnam as a client state, close to China, so that there may be another link in a solid chain that includes South Korea, Formosa and Thailand. The well-being of the Vietnamese is a secondary concern. They must serve our purpose - the military containment of Peking. That is the objective, and it is non-negotiable. We therefore cannot, Secretary Rusk informed the SEATO conference in Australia the end of June (and later told Congressman Frank Horton [R, N.Y.] on TV), permit the Viet Cong to be formally admitted to a peace conference: that would give them a veto on a settlement; they might haggle over terms, whereas what Mr. Rusk and the President really want is unconditional surrender.

When the bombing of North Vietnam began in February last year, the Pentagon stated that the rate of infiltration from North to South

was about 1,600 men a month; air strikes, so the logic then ran, would halt or slow down this infiltration. After 15 months of constant pounding from the air, the infiltration rate is said to have tripled to 4,500-5,500 men a month, and the jungle tracks, according to the President, have become "boulevards." Therefore, the original justification had to be discarded and another found. It was. In his July 6 press conference, Mr. Johnson acknowledged that: "We do not say that [the raids] will even reduce it [infiltration]," but they will make life "more difficult" for the enemy. And so they will.

We have been seeing, week after week, where such logic leads us. The estimate of Peter Arnett, who has been reporting from Vietnam for the Associated Press since 1962, is that by bombing the North and pouring American, Korean and Australian troops into the South, "we can beat the major units of the enemy," but "in so doing, we make very little impact on the other two levels of the war." By "the other two levels of the war," Arnett means the battles of the "very tired" Vietnamese army against "local, homegrown" Viet Cong battalions; and the battles of local militia forces against Viet Cong guerrillas in the mountains, in the Mekong Delta rice fields, and along the highly populated coastal plains. It is at this third level that "the real blood of

Vietnam is seeping away," and also "at this level the war could continue indefinitely." The Viet Cong can go on fighting as guerrillas for a long, long time.

American forces, who are "beginning to bear the brunt," according to Arnett, are waging war on the enemy units with vastly superior air power, modern artillery and such refinements as the "cluster bomb unit" that shoots out both napalm and hand grenades. But he warns that in order to destroy the main enemy units, the US will have to double its forces; "certainly at least twice as many as are here now will be needed." And, he adds, "it will also probably mean the destruction of much of Vietnam – both North and South. As the war grows, the destruction is getting very considerable over the countryside. Villages are being devastated as a matter of course." The end of this road is genocide, with no one left with whom one need negotiate.

Arnett is a top-flight reporter, but he is not a professional soldier. General Ben Sternberg is. Commander of the 101st Airborne, he recently returned from 26 months in Vietnam, where he served on General Westmoreland's staff. General Sternberg sees "no stabilization of the military regime, at least in the near future"; he thinks Premier Ky eventually "will have to go," but "civilian government is not possible in South Vietnam now." He believes that 500,000 more US troops are needed in Vietnam – a total of about 800,000 – to seal off infiltration and supplies from the North.

But first, the gamble of victory through air power must be played out, with doubled and redoubled bets, even though the systematic destruction from the air of North Vietnam, as Richard N. Goodwin, former Special Assistant to both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson has pointed out, is more likely to pressure the North into sending into battle its 300,000-man army, instead of the 12 North Vietnamese regiments thus far engaged. This in turn would bring a million or more GIs into the war and make it very tempting to consider landing US troops in the North.

Politicians in both parties meanwhile press the President to "get it over with," hit harder and more often – and hope that a fist in the face of the North will not provoke too brutal a counterpunch. At the moment, official Washington is rather complacent about the danger of Chinese intervention, believing that Peking has enough troubles without borrowing more. It is a hazardous assumption in view of the history of our entrapment in Vietnam, a history that is littered with miscalculation.

Who could have foreseen it? The Great Society exponent, the practitioner of common sense, compromise and consensus, has become The War President – sworn to prevent at any cost one set of Vietnamese (unfriendly, we have guaranteed that) from overcoming other Vietnamese (who could not hold power without us).



"I never tried digging foxholes in sand before."

The Air Raids – Leftover Puzzles

“ . . . On June 26 the Far Eastern Air Force [FEAF] Target Committee nevertheless proposed that FEAF combat-operations policy ought at least be rewritten sufficiently . . . to maintain air pressure through destruction operations rather than to continue with the old policies of delay, disruption, and dislocation. . . . This modification is not a major change in policy, but rather a shift in emphasis from delay and disruption operations to destruction.”

The above lines deal with the June 26, 1952 decision to bomb North Korean electrical power plants. [Robert Frank Futrell, of the USAF historical Division, *et al.*, *The United States Air Force in Korea 1950-1953*, New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1961, p. 457.] Almost 14 years later to the day, President Johnson and his key advisers also explained that the bombing of the oil storage targets in the Hanoi-Haiphong area did not constitute a change in policy, even though it marked a shift from attempting to delay North Vietnamese supply and troop reinforcements to a policy of attempting to destroy them at their source. These raids raise some intriguing questions, which require a short recapitulation of the targets and forces involved.

North Vietnam's known petroleum storage capacity is estimated at about 155,000 to 180,000 metric tons. The greater Haiphong area, with its sub-depots at Do-Son, accounts for 40 percent of the storage capacity; Hanoi for 20; Dong-Nham for 9; Bac-Giang for 4; and Nguyen Khé and Viet-Tri together for perhaps 12. They were all hit during the past week and, according to official reports, heavily damaged, if not altogether destroyed. If the official accounts are correct, the North Vietnamese lost 86 percent, or close to 130,000 tons of their total storage capacity. That indeed would be a crippling blow to anyone's *conventional* transport system and, above all, air power. A German 1963 study, for example, showed that the superb Nazi jet fighters (we had no combat-worthy jets until 1946) were kept from being effective simply because they lacked fuel.

The same would hold true for Ho Chi Minh's precious 70-odd jets, the bulk of which are obsolescent MIG-17's, though perhaps a dozen are contemporary MIG-21 fighters fully able to take on American planes in combat. (Two American jets were shot down by them last year, and just recently, on June 22, a North Vietnamese MIG-17 shot down an American F-8 Crusader 40 miles north of Haiphong.) It is clear, then, that under certain circumstances the small North Vietnamese Air Force *will* engage American airplanes in combat – but rather surprisingly, the defense of the al-

legedly “vital” oil storage tanks was apparently not one of them! Thus far, not a single of the many American attacks against the oil storage areas has brought about any reaction on the part of the MIGs, although all other means of air defense, from light and heavy flak to SAM antiaircraft missiles, were committed without a shred of hesitation.

This is the more remarkable, since the first major American raid on Hanoi and Haiphong comprised at least 46 aircraft which came both from carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin and from American airbases in Thailand. They were surely picked up by North Vietnamese radar at least 100, if not 200, miles before reaching their targets: plenty of time for North Vietnamese jets to “scramble” to combat and intercept altitude; and, after all, what more “vital” targets would there be for them to defend than the Hanoi-Haiphong “envelope”? A similarly puzzling situation must have confronted the American pilots flying the mission. Fighter-bombers loaded down with bombs are sitting ducks for fast interceptors. Hence, to fly against Hanoi and Haiphong in the face of 70 undestroyed MIGs willing to defend their country's vitals could have developed into a major disaster. Even the approach of the MIGs would have compelled the American bombers to take such defensive measures as to abort part of the mission. Or sound aerial warfare practice would have compelled the US to neutralize (*i.e.*, attack and destroy) the jet airfields at Phuc-Yen and Cat-Bi (see map on page 8) prior to attacking Hanoi and Haiphong, since both airfields are within minutes of both cities. Neither Hanoi nor Washington claim that such airfield attacks have occurred.

In other words, the North Vietnamese reacted to the air raids on their petroleum storage areas (a) as if they knew that they were going to be hit; and (b) as if they didn't think they were worth defending anyway. And the American aircraft attacking them also acted, to say the least, curiously: (a) they attacked a perfectly fixed target in broad daylight, which could just as well have been attacked under the cover of darkness when all but radar-directed flak would have been badly hampered; and (b) they attacked SAM sites in the vicinity of the target areas – destroying, according to Secretary McNamara's statement, a MIG-17 defending *them!* – but felt sufficiently confident about noninterference by enemy interceptors with this primary mission as to leave their bases unattacked. There must be logical answers for all the unanswered questions; for example, timing. De Gaulle was in Moscow, and both the Russians and the French – all personality clashes aside – do not think too highly of American policy in Vietnam

as it was. The fact that de Gaulle's personal envoy, M. Jean Sainteny, was about to arrive in Hanoi with a private message from the French leader to Ho Chi Minh – known in Washington – made the timing even poorer. As it turned out, Sainteny's plane to Hanoi was grounded in neighboring Laos by the American raid on the Hanoi storage area, located near Hanoi's Gia-Lam airport. And a high-level Hanoi mission, perhaps Ho Chi Minh, was in Peking. If somebody wanted to make sure that the Sainteny mission to Hanoi would fail, this was the way.

Just two weeks earlier, both French and Rumanian diplomats had been informed separately by high-ranking Chinese officials that, while Peking did not particularly relish the idea of negotiations between Hanoi and Washington, it would do nothing to block them. It was confirmed to me in Europe at that time that this information had been passed on to Washington as soon as it became available. That again puts the mission of a high-level Canadian diplomat, Chester Ronning, to Hanoi in a different light. Ronning's mission to Hanoi was rapidly touted as a "total failure," even though, according to unimpeachable reports, Ronning himself did not see it that way. In fact, Hanoi's relenting from last year's pre-negotiating position (which included both the unconditional cessation of bombing and the departure of US troops) to one in which there no longer was any mention of the departure of American troops, could have been considered a significant step toward a new middle ground. But these were not the only inter-

esting straws flying in the wind.

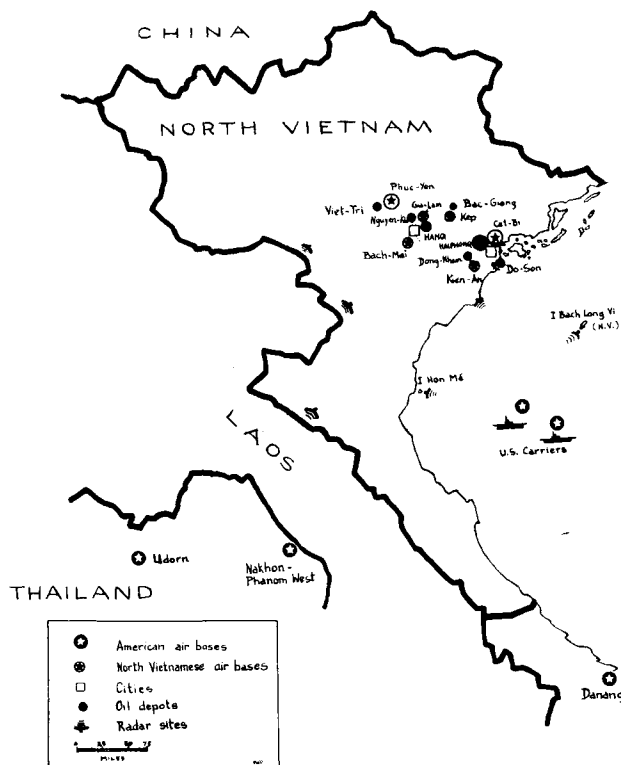
There was the extremely strong statement by UN Secretary General U Thant and an interesting proposal put forward in March, 1966 by the leading younger theoretician of the French Communist Party, Jean-Maurice Hermann, in the party's highest-level magazine *Démocratie Nouvelle*: "... What would happen if a certain number of [important] persons or powers which desire peace in Vietnam – and there are many of them – met and attempted, on the basis of the texts of all sides [*des uns et des autres*], to elaborate the project of a compromise which would then be submitted to both the Americans and the Liberation Front, saying: 'After all, you said you were ready to accept this. And you [the other partner] said it also. However, it is difficult to get the negotiations going because you do not wish to. Would you, separately, accept this as the basis of a settlement?' ... Face to face with honest and acceptable proposals, a refusal would completely unmask those who are against peace."

It would be hard to say whether this proposal represents a French Communist position or a Russian "feeler," or simply the kind of flexible thinking now prevalent in France; but before anyone cries "impossible," it should be remembered how Ralph Bunche won his Nobel Peace Prize running up and down the corridors of a hotel in Rhodes where Arabic and Israeli delegations were hammering out a cease-fire, with the Arabs refusing to sit down at the same table with their enemies.

On the roller-coaster that is Vietnam, we have gone from a period in early 1965 where negotiations were deemed impossible because we were losing the war to one where "premature" negotiations might in the eyes of the "Hawks" conceivably *spoil* the chances of a political rebirth in Saigon or even of military victory in the field. During the Korean war, 34,211 enemy vehicles were destroyed (as against 1,500 thus far in North Vietnam) in a more massive interdiction offensive than the one now in force in Vietnam. But as Vice Admiral J. J. Clark, commander of the Seventh Fleet, later stated: "It did *not* interdict. The Communists got their supplies through; and for the kind of war they were fighting, they not only kept their battle line supplied, but they had surplus to spare so that by the end of the war they could even launch an offensive."

Yet, as in Korea, the Vietnam war is now likely to ride the upswing of the blood-drenched roller-coaster into the annihilation of industries, flood control and irrigation dams, and cities and villages – for, after all, when all of North Vietnam will supply the Viet Cong and the infiltrated divisions with the help of massive coolie labor, *people* must become a strategic target. And they will. Never fear, they will.

BERNARD B. FALL



Indians and Their Benefactors

At long last the government will undertake a major attack on the poverty which grips American Indians. Under a program put together by the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Administration will establish a housing factory at the Rosebud Sioux reservation in South Dakota. There, unskilled Indians will be trained, then employed to build new homes for 375 families, half the reservation's population. Indians at Rosebud live like Indians on other reservations: in car bodies, tents, one-room log shacks. This imaginative project will provide them with immediate, direct relief. It will cost the government only \$1.9 million and will be finished within a year and a half.

The Interior Department's Bureau of Indian Affairs will provide equipment to run a pre-fab housing factory and pay for its operation; Housing and Urban Development will buy the materials; the Public Health Service will drill wells and put in outdoor toilets. The Office of Economic Opportunity will pay for the training and employment of Indians.

The wooden houses are meant for families of five or six and will be of simple, single story design. One hundred Indians will be employed. Thirty of them, who already have some basic skills, will be taught how to work in the factory and assemble the houses. They will teach 70 others who are unskilled in construction. In the process of putting together the houses, the Indians will learn carpentering and plumbing and be brought to the point where they can satisfy union requirements so they can become apprentices. The pre-fab plant will subsequently be used to turn out other homes for other Indians at Rosebud reservation as well as on nearby reservations.

The tribe initially will own the houses, and the occupants will be expected to build up an equity in them by helping out in their construction and maintenance. After six years, however, ownership of the house will revert to the occupant.

The Rosebud project is not without its ironies. For years the government has been urged to do something of this kind for the Indians. But now that it has been done, the very people in the OEO's Research, Training and Demonstration section, who are responsible, are about to be put out of business. Democrats on the House Education Committee intend to slash this office's funds from \$85 million to \$40 million and then further restrict the money's use.

Yet these demonstration projects have given the whole poverty program its imaginative touch. While much of the OEO activity has grown staid, the demonstration people have come up with inventive schemes that could help set the course for the government's future policy. For example, money from the demon-

stration section has established free health centers in the heart of slums in Boston, Watts, Chicago and New York; recently one was opened in Mississippi. Other projects have demonstrated how well unskilled people can perform sub-professional jobs in police departments, hospitals and city governments. Experiments in teaching illiterates have shown that high school graduates often are just as good teachers as people with college degrees, and so on.

The Rosebud project would very probably not have got off the ground if the people in the demonstration office at OEO had not kept pushing the tired bureaucrats in the Public Housing Administration, who were against the cheap, pre-fab houses. The OEO staff finally took it directly to Secretary Robert Weaver's office and got his support.

If the House follows the lead set by the Democrats on the Education Committee, it will be up to the Senate to exercise some sense and restore the appropriation.

Patriotism by Edict

Complaints by federal employees that their arms are being twisted to buy federal savings bonds are fully supported by the evidence of the following bullying communication which, all reports indicate, typifies the "patriotism by edict" current in government agencies:

"In a recent communication inviting you to consider establishing a regular allotment from your pay for the purchase of US savings bonds, you either indicated you were not buying savings bonds and did not wish to begin an allotment to buy savings bonds or you did not return the communication to the project officer. It is also possible that you were not on duty or did not receive the communication.

"The President of the United States was disappointed in the results of the savings bond campaign. The personnel of USAF Hospital Andrews did not support the campaign in a creditable manner.

"The President has stated he will be satisfied with nothing less than the achievement of the 100 percent record established by the White House staff. In view of our responsibility to support the President in this campaign, you are requested to complete and return this form to the project officer. . . . Rosters are being maintained. You will sign the one statement below which you select as reflecting your best consideration and judgment:

"I am now supporting the President by buying US savings bonds on an allotment from my pay.

"I wish to show my support for the President by adding to my allotment or by beginning an allotment from my pay for the purchase of US savings bonds.

"I do not accept my responsibility to support the President in this US savings bond campaign. I do not now have an allotment and I will not begin an allotment from my pay for the purchase of US savings bonds."

Preventing Nuclear Spread

Experimental Moratorium On Underground Tests?

Scarborough, Ontario

After listening to one of the panel sessions at the recent International Assembly on Nuclear Weapons in Scarborough, one Western delegate observed that the discussion resembled "a bunch of would-be pregnant women sitting around, discussing how to prevent conception." Far more accurately than the final communiqué, the observation summed up the underlying atmosphere and thoughts at this unusual three-day international "brainstorming" session on the problems of nuclear proliferation.

Some 60 public officials and disarmament specialists from 25 countries were brought here under the auspices of the American Assembly of Columbia University, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the Institute for Strategic Studies. It was probably the most important private disarmament meeting to take place in recent years, for gathered at the Guild Inn on the bluffs of Lake Ontario were what could accurately be described as the opinion and policy-makers of disarmament in the world, except Communist China. In some ways, it was the Geneva disarmament conference transplanted from the musty *Palais des Nations* to an American-style motel. Volubly present were such individuals as Adrian S. Fisher, deputy director of the US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Lord Chalfont, British Minister of State for Disarmament, Lt. Gen. E. L. M. Burns, the Canadian representative to the Geneva talks, Mrs. Alva Myrdal, the Swedish representative, and Professor V. S. Emelyanov, chairman of the Soviet Academy of Sciences' Commission on the Scientific Problems of Disarmament.

But there was an important difference between the *Palais* and the Inn. At the assembly, the participants were talking as private individuals, not as representatives of their governments. Of course, it is difficult to separate the two, but the fact remains that the participants – Communist as well as Western – talked with a frankness that they never could use in the *Palais*.

Out of the discussions did come one proposal that could change the course of disarmament talks as much as the East-West decision in 1963 to agree on a limited test ban treaty. This was a proposal for an experimental

suspension of underground tests for a limited trial period. During this period, if one nation, on the basis of its seismological detection system, suspected the other of conducting an underground test, it would issue a challenge; the other side, to prove its honor, would submit "verification" data to the contrary or "invite" inspection by a foreign team. The hope is that both sides would be sufficiently satisfied by the results of the experiment to enter into a permanent ban on underground tests, on the same basis of verification by challenge or invitation.

The idea had an interesting origin. It was first advanced by an American delegate, found a receptive reaction among the Soviet participants and by the end of the conference was embraced by the participants in their final report. Not even Rep. Chet Holifield of California, who as chairman of the joint congressional committee on atomic energy has been a guardian of the principle of safeguards when it comes to underground test bans, raised his voice in dissent or skepticism. Out of such an informal discussion thus came an idea that, if accepted by the two major powers – and there is reason to believe that the American and the Soviet representatives are interested in their official capacities – may break the impasse on a comprehensive test ban.

But it should be quickly added that the proposal was one of the few bright spots. Disarmament advocates perforce are perennial optimists, but they could not have left the meeting with any feeling of hope or optimism about the chances of curbing proliferation.

There are two truisms about proliferation that were repeatedly voiced. One is that several states – perhaps a dozen, geographically ranging from Sweden to Japan by way of Australia – are presently capable of "going nuclear." The second is that such proliferation would be politically, militarily and morally bad, since it would contribute to geo-political instabilities and increase the chances of nuclear war. But one of the surprising developments of the conference was to find this latter truism challenged by representatives of some nonnuclear states. The almost heretical challenge came particularly from India, Australia and Japan – technically all potential candidates for the nuclear club. In terms that almost are heretical in a disarmament gathering, the argument was advanced that to certain Asian or South Pacific states perhaps nuclear proliferation might be desirable in providing an Asian counterbalance to the Chinese. The argument had a peculiar Gaullist tinge. Confronted by Chinese nuclear might, perhaps some of the Asian states needed some nuclear "autonomy," since they could not necessarily count on American nuclear protection. But "autonomy" only means a big enough atomic force to trigger an American nuclear involvement.

There is no indication from the conference that any

of these Asian or Pacific states is prepared to "go nuclear" in the immediate future. The important point is that even those leaders who are inclined intellectually to oppose proliferation are now swallowing their intellectual misgivings and moral scruples and edging up to the decision to "go nuclear." And once this intellectual-moral barrier is passed, the rest of the path is technologically straightforward. An almost desperate note for help is appearing in their arguments; for to meet what they see as both military and political pressures to proliferate, they are pleading for fuller information on the costs of proliferation in the hopes that the sobering economic facts may offset the pressures to "go nuclear" in their countries. It was a point emphasized in the final communiqué which called upon the military nuclear powers to make "a positive effort to acquaint the civil nuclear powers with a better estimate of costs—economic, scientific and strategic—of becoming a nuclear power, even if this involves somewhat relaxing the secrecy that surrounds their planning."

Can the Asian and Pacific states be stopped before they cross the decisive intellectual barrier? The answer raises the second disturbing and discouraging development of the Scarborough conference. For years the United States has proceeded on the bland assumption that the way to stop proliferation was through a nonproliferation treaty, and that once a treaty was agreed upon by the super-powers, all the nonnuclear states would sign. It is no longer certain that this assumption is justified. A theme that ran through the conference was the growing "impatience," as it was put in the

communiqué, over the inability of the United States and the Soviet Union to agree upon a nonproliferation treaty. Before accepting the self-denial of a nonproliferation treaty, the nonnuclear states are now demanding that the nuclear powers make a corresponding sacrifice to slow down their arms race, such as by cutting off their production of fissionable materials for weapons, or stopping their underground tests.

It is against this dreary background that the proposal for an experimental moratorium provides a hopeful bright spot. After three years of deadlock the Geneva talks are desperately in need of some signs of motion, some new ideas if they are not to collapse. The potential political benefits of some movement on the test ban issue are recognized within the Johnson Administration; but the benefits tend to be minimized in comparison with the technical-military risks of a moratorium in which the Soviets might be able to conduct a few clandestine underground tests. This explains the largely negative initial reaction of the State Department to the suggestion for an experimental moratorium. As Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, speaking from his experience as presidential science adviser in the Kennedy Administration, complained recently: "The normal procedure is to judge arms control measures in the light of the most dangerous possibility, no matter how unlikely, and to give no weight at all to the consequences of failing to halt the arms race."

JOHN FINNEY

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Awakening of a New Europe

by Bernard Nossiter

Frankfurt

To the surprise of almost no one, the Common Market has weathered another of its periodic crises and is now virtually certain to complete its elaborate network of support and protection for the farmers of its six member states. At the same time, the deadlock in the Kennedy Round appears to have been broken and the prospects are strong that some reduction in trade

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barriers will be negotiated throughout the West. To which the proper response might be, "so what?" Even in Europe, where the serious press devotes considerable space to such doings, both events have aroused less excitement than Ford's auto racing triumphs. For the Common Market, the Kennedy Round and similar arrangements have been overshadowed by a new political fact. For the first time in the postwar period, there is some genuine prospect of erasing the division in Europe.

The Market and the Round are still regarded as key elements in American policy toward Europe. But here

they are more and more beginning to look like secondary affairs. The most dramatic features of the new politics in Europe are the theatrical displays of independence by Rumania and France. Of equal, if less obvious, importance are the hesitant moves by several of Russia's former satellites toward a more rational and hence more liberal economy. The contagion has even spread to the stolid politicians in West Germany who are now proposing solutions outside the framework of alliances.

Breakup of the Grand Design

The Common Market as a political institution is an expression of the past. Its European founders and American godparents designed the Community as an instrument of the cold war. The design ran like this: first, Western Europe's committed states were to achieve economic integration. Out of this would follow a common foreign policy, a common defense posture and ultimately a United States of Europe.

This entity's cohesiveness and economic vitality would attract the other NATO members—Britain, Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Greece and Turkey. There was no room for neutrals in such a system. In time, the Community's power and magnetism would draw off the Russian satellites. In the end, the Soviet Union would stand naked, unable and unwilling to tamper with such a force.

Today, only a handful of American and European officials and a few technicians in Brussels still believe in this script. In their view, the grand design has only been temporarily deranged by the outmoded nationalism of General de Gaulle. But they ignore the other aspect of the General's lone cavalier stance, his effort to break up the rigid patterns and negotiate rather than compel a solution in Europe. It is this that has aroused a positive response throughout the continent.

Today, the Common Market is and is likely to remain for the foreseeable future an essentially loose, commercial arrangement of limited political weight. By wiping out internal tariffs, it allows a more rational allocation of resources and provides a measure of stimulus to modernize European industry. It shelters its diminishing farm population, assures outlets for French agricultural surpluses and eases the transition that will bring European farming closer to the productive level of the US. There is no reason to think that this arrangement won't continue as long as it profits all members.

There are even fresh areas in which economic integration can and probably will go forward. Transport policies may be harmonized so that French, German, Dutch, Belgian and Italian industries can compete or merge on more equal terms. Taxes will be made more uniform to eliminate the cost advantages one group of

businessmen has over its neighbors. This in turn could require closer collaboration on fiscal and monetary policies generally.

The Community could go further. It may decide to establish a cartel, ardently desired by the cartel-minded Germans, offering uniform credit terms to Eastern Europe. So far, the French have strenuously resisted this because it infringes on their free-wheeling foreign policy. But the French, too, like "orderly" competition. Ending the scramble for Eastern orders may seem more important than any political liabilities.

In time, too, Britain will probably join the Community, along with some of her EFTA partners. It is popularly believed that the biggest obstacle to British membership is London's reluctance to surrender sovereignty and Paris' suspicion of an American pawn. In fact, the chief difficulty appears to be much grubbier. The British look to the Six to take over their huge foreign debt; the Six don't want Britain until her books are in order. A recent and not-so-secret report by the Community's Coal and Steel Authority warns that British membership now would be a bad thing because it would contaminate the gold-acquiring members of the Market with the English disease, balance of payments deficits.

But the biggest index of change in the way that the Community now sees itself can be found in the new tone toward Europe's neutrals—Austria, Sweden and Switzerland. Not so long ago, their membership in the club was unthinkable. How could neutrals join a group forging a solid position of strength against the East? Now all this has changed. In Brussels, Paris, Bonn and other Community centers, the talk is of associate membership, of special arrangements to accommodate neutrals. Indeed, the Community has been ardently wooing the Austrians to restore its image as a magnetic force. No Market member would dream of jeopardizing Austria's neutral status and an arrangement could come soon. If Vienna, why not Stockholm and Berne?

Just as political content has been draining away from the Common Market, so it has from the Kennedy Round. Its American architects conceived of the great tariff negotiation as a three-ply instrument. A sweeping cut in trade barriers, it was thought, would:

- Bind Western Europe and the United States in economic arrangements solidly underpinning the Atlantic Alliance.
- Assure American industry and agriculture access to the protected markets of the Community.
- Offer a low-tariff world to the manufactured products of the poor.

The modest reductions in trade barriers likely to emerge from the drawn-out negotiations next year will do none of these things. The first objective was always more mystical than analytical. There is no discernible relationship between the height of tariff barriers and

the degree of political unity among nations, once tariffs have been reduced below a punitive level. So much bureaucratic energy has been expended on the Round that its total failure would undoubtedly poison the Atlantic atmosphere. But total failure now seems improbable.

The second objective has been largely vitiated thanks to the ubiquitous investment of American corporations. The managers have not waited for tariffs to come down to get into Europe's lush markets. They simply jumped the wall by buying up companies and building plants on the spot. As for American farmers, they will have to be satisfied with what is left after Europe first absorbs the output of her own producers.

The third objective was never much more than a talking point. The total disappearance of tariffs won't help the nonexistent steel mills of Senegal or Guatemala's hypothetical auto exports. Tariff preferences might marginally help a few nations like India who have industrial goods to sell. A Western willingness to buy the textiles of the poor would do much more. But this is as politically unpalatable in Europe as it is in the United States.

In the end, capital aid, technical assistance and arrangements to prop the prices of the commodities that the poor produce will have vastly greater importance than tariff changes.

This is not to argue that it has all been in vain, but simply that the world has turned since the Market and the Round were first conceived. The Market, like NATO, was no doubt a manifestation of Western strength and determination. Both surely contributed to reshaping policies in the East. Now, however, a durable peace in Europe appears to depend less on sticks and carrots than on exploring the concrete problem of Germany's future. The time has never seemed riper for such an examination to begin. De Gaulle's Moscow visit is one aspect of this. So is Willy Brandt's offer to talk with East Germans and Rainer Barzel's abortive

suggestion to retain Soviet troops in a unified Germany.

A reporter who travels across the continent is struck by the measure of agreement about the elements of a German settlement on both sides of what used to be the Iron Curtain. In Prague or Paris, Warsaw or London, the same triad emerges. Germany must abandon any Eastern claims, give up any notions of a nuclear military role and thereby win confederation or reunification. Further down the road, American and Soviet troops would gradually withdraw from a continent at peace with itself. To this prospect, a stiff question is generally posed. How realistic is all this? Would the most powerful industrial nation in Europe agree to an inferior military stance? Are not American and Russian troops, the very constraints that repress the aggressive propensities of the Germans?

These questions are raised in Europe as well as Washington. Even the French are ambivalent about the Germans. In private, they say that their otherwise negligible *force de frappe* is not aimed at Moscow but is designed to give France an advantage over its Rhine neighbors. In Warsaw and Prague, foreign office bureaucrats talk about the danger of dissolving the blocs as long as a German threat remains.

However, anyone who intermittently stops at Frankfurt, Dusseldorf, Munich and other centers of German affluence has trouble finding much interest in military adventures. If Germans want more, they seem to want more TVs, larger Mercedes and bigger steaks.

In sum, the twenty years of peace and the growing affluence in both halves of Europe are releasing new forces. The politically unthinkable is now being voiced. Old taboos are dissolving. It is far from clear precisely how Europe will reach the key objective, a German settlement, even though its nature becomes increasingly more apparent. But it does seem that older ideas and institutions, created in a different set of circumstances, are no longer the means to bring the settlement about.

Stench from New Jersey

by James Ridgeway

The frontier in the fight against pollution is across the harbor from New York City in the bogs of northern New Jersey. There the massed engines of industry have held off the federal government as it has pressured them to bring water and air pollution under control.

It is five years since the US Public Health Service first sent technicians into the Raritan Bay area to stop

the towns and industries from polluting the water. Today the children still swim from the closed beaches onto which the warm sewage flows. The best the government has succeeded in doing is to require that a few towns build small models of beautiful new sewage treatment plants for the scientists to study. In 1963, they talked of cleaning up the Raritan Bay area in one

year; now they are talking about "target dates" in 1968.

Two months ago, more technicians, this time from the air pollution division of the Public Health Service, landed in the bogs. They are an advance party for the government's first major regulatory action, and they will be laying the groundwork for a conference to be held next fall on the effects of air pollution on the New York metropolitan area. These federal experts will do what the states of New York and New Jersey have never done — try to determine how much of the smoke and fumes the New Jersey industries put into the west wind is carried over and dumped down on the five boroughs of Manhattan. They also will look into pollution coming to northern New Jersey from New York.

There have been complaints about the stench from the New Jersey marshes since the turn of the century. In 1931, for instance, the Stevens Institute of Technology reported that 130 tons of dirt were carried in the wind from New Jersey to New York every hour. In 1950 the states of New York and New Jersey took up the matter and after five years of haggling, jointly authorized the Interstate Sanitation Commission, an interstate compact for pollution control, to study air pollution. Its studies, concluded in 1958, showed that air pollution was indeed interstate; it rather sensibly suggested the best way to cope with the business would be for the states to jointly set up and enforce standards as well as undertake whatever research was necessary to keep abreast of the problem. Neither state was amenable to such a rash proposal; instead they urged the Commission to conduct further research. If it then should discover a source of air pollution, the information might be passed along to the state health departments. But under no circumstance was the Commission to release the information publicly; it was left without regulatory powers.

Getting Everyone Together

In August, 1964, the US Public Health Service, which administers the federal air pollution legislation, took the first step in bringing to bear its regulatory authority by calling together state officials at a private "consultation" in New York City. Under the law, the Secretary of HEW can act if he feels there is a danger to the health and welfare of people living in one state from the dirty air blown over them from another state. First he must get the interested parties together, to let them know what is in store, then call a fact-finding conference, and if these measures fail to produce agreement on an abatement scheme, he can then call a public hearing and finally go into court. New Jersey always has been slow to come around on pollution because it is hesitant to crack down on the big refineries and chemical companies in the northern part of the state,

partly because they provide employment and produce tax revenues, and because politically these industries have exercised a tight grip on the state house. Governor Hughes is only just beginning to break it.

While the health officials of both New Jersey and New York talk a good deal about the dangers of foul air, it is usually in abstract, academic terms. When they got behind closed doors at the August, 1964 consultation, all of them pleaded with the federal government to stay out of the Jersey bogs and instead give them more money for research. Vernon MacKenzie, who is chief of the PHS's air pollution division and the man who was running the meeting, said at the onset that he wanted to call a conference, and he asked the states to join the government in a quick study aimed at measuring the pollution coming from New Jersey to Staten Island, where citizens have most bitterly complained about the stink. Both states refused to go along. Dr. Roscoe Kandle, Commissioner of Health in New Jersey, who did most of the talking for the states, told MacKenzie: ". . . Conferences are harmful. Now let's face it, Vern, we have been through it up here; there are as many negative values to a conference as you can think of positive values. In the first place, they consume a tremendous amount of time in staff effort, your time and ours. You know what we went through in the Clean Water Act, Vern. . . . We had to put weeks of solid work on this, when we should have been out doing abatement. Besides that, Vern, it's all in the newspapers, even with the relatively casual type of thing we have here.

"What I am trying to say, Vern, is that conferences ought not to be undertaken lightly, just because there is a problem. Just because there is a problem surely is not enough reason for the Secretary to come over here. We worked together, we know how to work together, and we know how to solve problems. We know the things that we need to know. . . . Now, if you have better things, or the Secretary has additional things, we would be delighted to have this enriched, but we don't need this kind of procedure, a legal procedure, to get us to do what we ought to be doing. This is the implication, Vern — it's not only that we feel badly about that, but it is a tremendous waste of time; it's hard on the staff, it interferes with enforcement, and it sure does take it out of you as a person."

Without doubt Dr. Kandle was reflecting the views of the New Jersey Air Pollution Control Commission which sets the policy he undertakes to implement. This commission has nine members, five of them from industry, and the other four from state government. The chairman works for Public Service Electric & Gas Co. A casual traveler through New Jersey can easily identify this company's installations by the dense smoke pouring forth from the chimneys. It isn't astonishing,

therefore, that these consultations dragged along until in the fall of 1965 Governor Rockefeller saw he had nothing to lose and demanded the federal government protect New Yorkers from the foul New Jersey air. Public Health Service technicians were dispatched from Washington to gather information in preparation for a formal conference. They will attempt to pinpoint the sources and extent of carbon monoxide and sulphur dioxide, two major pollutants.

What Fouls the Air

For the country as a whole, most carbon monoxide comes from automobile exhaust, and the government is hoping to achieve some control here by requiring the auto manufacturers to put anti-smog devices on exhaust systems by the 1968 model year. However, the auto makers have been accused of conspiring to prevent development of a good system, and the Justice Department has them under investigation; a Los Angeles grand jury has begun inquiries.

Sulphur dioxide is a colorless gas put into the air by oil and chemical companies and by power companies that burn coal and residual fuel oil in producing electricity. New York City has more sulphur dioxide in the air than any other place in the country. Sulphur dioxide alone is not thought to be very toxic to man, but when it condenses on a particle of soot and is inhaled, it gets stuck in the delicate lung tissues and can contribute to respiratory diseases.

In New York City, Consolidated Edison Co., which provides most of the electricity, is thought to account for about half the total sulphur dioxide in the air. The rest comes from furnaces in buildings which burn fossil fuels for space heating. Under a new law pushed through the city council by Councilman Robert Low, New York will not permit burning coal or residual fuel oil unless the sulphur content is reduced to one percent by 1971. The sulphur levels now go as high as 2.8 percent, depending on the type of fuel.

But New Jersey has no law controlling sulphur dioxide. One thing the Public Health Service wants to find out is how much of the gas is put into the wind by the refineries and chemical companies that are bunched together in the bogs across from Staten Island.

Some industries can turn control of sulphur dioxide to economic advantage. The big Esso Bayway Refinery in New Jersey traps sulphur gases produced in refining petroleum products, and shunts them through a pipeline to a nearby chemical company where the gas is turned into sulphuric acid. Esso buys back the acid.

Controlling sulphur emissions from power plants is more difficult because the sulphur dioxide is a lean mix and hard to trap economically. The hope has been that research would show how power companies could

catch sulphur dioxide and change it into sulphuric acid, which then could be sold. But the costs are still high.

It is possible, however, to get sulphur out of some of the fuel before it is burned. In the case of residual fuel oil, one Public Health Service study suggests that to reduce the sulphur content to 0.5 percent, a satisfactory level, it would cost from 50 to 80 cents more a barrel. In New York City this could add \$15 million a year to the cost of electricity. The oil industry disputes these figures; Public Health Service people privately say costs would drop sharply if the petroleum industry were required to reduce sulphur levels for all residual fuel oil used for making electricity, and thus had to do it on a mass basis. Most of the residual fuel oil coming to the East Coast is brought in from Venezuela where the oil has a high sulphur content. Domestic residual has a lower sulphur level.

Getting sulphur out of coal before it is burned is difficult. Some of it can be washed out with water. And there are various research experiments underway which would reduce the amounts further, but thus far none is feasible. One answer may be to rechannel some of the coal with low sulphur content, now used for making steel, to the power companies for making electricity. Such a move, however, probably would be resisted by the steel concerns which hold large resources of low sulphur coal.

Con Edison is in a bind because of air pollution. Three years ago the company wanted to build a nuclear power plant in Queens. This installation would not have caused much air pollution, but the residents protested; they were worried about an atomic accident and the project was abandoned. Then Con Edison announced it would build a huge hydroelectric project at Storm King Mountain on the Hudson River, but there it encountered criticism from conservationists. The Federal Power Commission approved the plan, but recently its decision was overthrown by the US Court of Appeals, and the project must make its way through the FPC again. Con Ed is asking the FPC, which controls interstate distribution of natural gas, to let it have an additional 20 billion cubic feet annually, to burn at a plant which is now fired by residual fuel oil. Natural gas burns cleanly and would be cheaper than fuel oil. In the interests of air pollution, the Public Health Service has intervened in behalf of Con Ed. But an FPC examiner has questioned whether precious natural gas should be wasted in producing electricity. If gas were widely used to produce electricity, it would drive up the price, he said, and it might work to postpone development methods for controlling other fuels. Under pressure from New York, Con Ed has promised to build future plants outside the city where possible, and it is looking into the possibilities of constructing them at the entrances of coal mines.

Lindsay—the First Six Months

by William V. Shannon

"New York City needs, and must have, a change. It must change completely in all of its institutions from top to bottom." — CANDIDATE JOHN LINDSAY, *a week before his election as mayor.*

Lindsay is often called "the Republican Kennedy." There is some resemblance. Like the late President, he is forever tilting with a lethargic bureaucracy, trying to impart to it some of his own dash and sense of urgency. Kennedy tried, but soon abandoned, the experiment of sitting in on a State Department staff meeting and startling middle-echelon officials by telephoning them to ask their opinions. So Lindsay pops up in some neglected corner of the metropolis, holds cabinet meetings in a different department headquarters each week (one was held in June in the vast new garage of the Sanitation Department), and leads a crew of volunteers to clean up the debris on Welfare Island.

Battle-hardened alumni of government service — and there are plenty of survivors of the Democratic establishment that governed the city for 20 years until last January 1 — are convinced that the mayor's interventions serve no purpose more useful than personal publicity. "Any day now Lindsay is going to realize the campaign is over and get down to governing the city," a former aide to retired Mayor Robert F. Wagner remarked recently. At the outset, most working reporters shared this skepticism. If Lindsay was really "cleaner than clean" and going to perform all these prodigious achievements, why then, let's watch him perform a miracle. A reform administration with high moral pretensions is judged by higher standards than one that is relaxed and frankly political. Every time John Lindsay appointed another Republican it was noted in news stories, since this is supposed to be a "fusion," non-partisan administration. (Although Lindsay ignores politics in filling sensitive jobs such as police commissioner, it is estimated that 80 percent of his appointees have been Republicans.) When a young woman photographer who was taking pictures for the mayor's office turned out to be on the antipoverty payroll, the press made it a 24-hour sensation. Newspapermen wrote stories about appalling conditions in the hospitals and other municipal institutions — the same conditions that Candidate Lindsay had deplored — and pointed out that no change had taken place.

As a congressman and a candidate, Lindsay had always had a good press. He is extremely press con-

scious, almost as much as John Kennedy was, and he wants reporters to like him and to write sympathetically. Any story that contradicted a press release was regarded as a stab in back. The reporters muttered about manipulation and even outright lies.

The inexperience of Woody Klein, the mayor's press secretary, contributed to the tension. Klein was a brilliant investigative reporter on city affairs for the old *World-Telegram & Sun*, but a successful press spokesman has to learn softer arts. He has to placate where once he probed. But Klein is now settling into his job like an old pro. The regulars on the City Hall beat are developing a personal rapport with "John" and some reliable sources among his entourage.

When press relations were at their worst last winter and early spring, the principal target of the flak was Robert Price, Lindsay's confidant, campaign manager, policy adviser, chief negotiator and deputy mayor.

"Isn't it part of your job to be the fall guy for the mayor?" an editor asked Price.

"I'll have to check. I don't think it's in the city charter," Price deadpanned.

Price, only 33, is a fantastically hard worker. He and Lindsay regularly put in 16-hour days, every day in the week. They both flog themselves and everyone else to new peaks of effort. But, in every other respect, they differ. Where Lindsay is tall, handsome, well-built, Price is of medium height, dark-complexioned, and, notwithstanding an heroic diet, pudgy. Lindsay talks of ideals; Price of deals. Politicians don't know quite what to make of Lindsay; he is stiff-necked, imperious, idealistic, a reformer in Ivy League clothes. Price they regard as one of their own — a Jewish boy from the Bronx who grew up in modest circumstances (his father is now an efficiency expert for a shirt manufacturer) and went to law school and wants to be a millionaire. Price loves the intricacies of politics the way baseball addicts love old batting averages. His intensity and brusqueness have gained him a reputation as the kind of man who hangs up on telephone conversations so as not to waste time saying goodbye. But Price has a less wintry side and a gift for repartee. Asked whether Governor Rockefeller, whose brother David is chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, had objected to the mayor's proposal for a city tax on bank income, Price replied, "There was no trouble. We just agreed to exempt the Chase."

During the interregnum between election and taking

office, Lindsay was fond of wondering aloud why service in the city government can't be made as exciting as a job in Washington. "I want young guys to feel that being a deputy commissioner is as attractive, as big a challenge, as assistant secretary of state." A more sobersided type might have realized that there are several differences, a simple one being that after the little flurry of his swearing-in, a deputy commissioner never makes the newspapers again, unless he's indicted. If Lindsay has found he cannot compete with Washington on the glamour-and-prestige front, he has nevertheless succeeded in recruiting a strong group of top officials. He persuaded Mitchell Ginsberg, the dean of Columbia University's School of Social Work, to accept the thankless job of welfare commissioner. The corporation counsel, the city's chief lawyer, is J. Lee Rankin, who served as Solicitor General under Eisenhower and who took a steep cut in income by leaving his corporate practice. Thomas Hoving, a tireless innovator as park commissioner, was formerly curator of The Cloisters; Austin Heller was recruited from the public health service to lead an invigorated campaign against air pollution; and George McGrath, the new corrections commissioner, formerly headed the prison system in Massachusetts.

On one critical front, the Police Department, Lindsay's performance has been particularly impressive. In order to reassure the public that the bad old days of Tammany manipulation of the police were not coming back, the Democrats, once restored to power in 1945 after LaGuardia's retirement, asserted the principle that even the mayor should not interfere in the department's affairs once he had appointed the commissioner. When Wagner's next-to-last police commissioner retired a year ago, he expressed special gratification that Wagner had called him on his direct telephone line from City Hall only twice.

But one by-product of the no-interference principle was the perpetuation of an Irish establishment in the top levels of the police force. Lindsay has challenged this Irish barony in behalf of the city's two fastest-growing and most disadvantaged minorities, the 1.1 million Negroes and the 730,000 Puerto Ricans. Out of 27,000 policemen, there were only 300 Puerto Ricans. Negro representation in the lower ranks was much higher, but of 79 precinct commanders only one was a Negro. Three of some 400 police captains were Negro. Both minorities assert they are victims of police brutality and have been clamoring for a civilian board to review such charges. But the police, in the ranks and

in the Irish-dominated hierarchy, are united in their fierce opposition to any such board.

In search of a new commissioner, Lindsay went outside the city to pick Howard Leary, the commissioner in Philadelphia who had worked amicably with a civilian review board there. Of Irish ancestry (some traditions can't be *completely* escaped), Leary appointed a Jewish officer as his top deputy and a Negro officer as the next highest officer, and Lindsay made plain to these new appointees that he wants a more intensive recruitment campaign among minorities. He also wants many more Negro police in Harlem and other ghettos, where white policemen who live far away in Queens or the Bronx have seemed like an occupying force. The mayor has moved ahead on his campaign pledge to put the existing three-man departmental review board under outside control by adding four civilian members.

These changes prompted a few top officers to retire and aroused muttering in police ranks. Several ex-commissioners raised the familiar cry of "political interference," but after a few weeks the uproar died away.

Where the Mayor Has Authority

On questions that are wholly or primarily within his discretion, Lindsay has set forth sensible new policy. He blocked Huntington Hartford's long-standing plan to build a restaurant in Central Park and vetoed projected garages and other intrusions which park conservationists had protested in vain in the Wagner era. He has made a modest start on reclaiming the city from the automobile by banning cars from Central Park from 6 a.m. to noon on Sundays, reserving those hours for cyclists and walkers. He killed Robert Moses' plan to build a Chinese wall known as the 30th Street elevated expressway across the width of Manhattan, although this road may still be built below street level. On his instructions, the police have virtually ceased the entrapment of homosexuals and prostitutes. He has challenged the Port of New York Authority, which has earned a reputation for efficiency and high-handness. In an effort to get better financial terms for the city, he has temporarily blocked the huge World Trade Center (two 100-story skyscrapers and related buildings) proposed by the Authority.

It is too early to tell, but Lindsay may have the guts and stamina to impose orderly planning on the green remnants of Staten Island. The last big stretch of underdeveloped land within the city, Staten Island should have been developed according to a careful plan when the new Verrazzano Bridge to Brooklyn opened it up for easy access two years ago. The Planning Commission worked up such a plan, but the Wagner administration would not fight for it against the pressures of the fast-buck operators. Most of the island has been

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desecrated by thousands of small, shoddily-built matchbox houses, but there are still sizable tracts of land that can be saved if the municipal authorities take preventive action this year.

Housing, Jobs, Taxes

The worst problems of the city, however, do not lie wholly or largely within the mayor's sphere of decision. Housing, unemployment and taxes are New York's make-or-break challenges. To make much headway on the first two, Lindsay will need great amounts of federal financial help and the cooperation of a balky, often uncomprehending legislature. As for taxes, he has won a victory in principle (to which I shall refer later), but he will have to win it again next year – and probably every year – since New York City's \$4.3 billion budget is likely to double over the next decade.

New York has 35,000 rotting tenements that house nearly half a million people. Twice that number live in structures that are salvageable but substandard. Candidate Lindsay promised to launch a \$2 billion housing program, to "build 160,000 new units of low and middle income housing." There is little money in sight to redeem the promise. In the same election in which he was chosen, the voters of the state rejected bond issues for low- and middle-income housing. President Johnson's "demonstration cities" program is in deep trouble in Congress. The city has no uncommitted financial resources to throw into the struggle against slums.

Lindsay wheedled a grant out of the Ford Foundation to finance a study of the city's housing and urban renewal programs by Edward Logue, the tough housing expert from New Haven and more recently Boston. Logue believes that a czar is essential to impose an overall plan on the often contradictory slum clearance and renewal programs. It is doubtful, however, whether Lindsay can consolidate authority to this extent. In so doing, he would be disturbing every vested political, bureaucratic and financial interest.

Operating on a limited sector of the housing front is 31-year-old Buildings Commissioner Charles Moerdler, a bright star of the new administration. Corruption has been endemic among building inspectors for generations. Moerdler brings to the cleansing of this Augean stable the dedication of a zealot and the instincts of a relentless tyrant. Among his subordinates, whom he has put into uniform ("It is a little harder to take a bribe in a bar or hang around a racetrack if one is wearing a uniform."), Moerdler is easily the most disliked commissioner in the city government. His determination seems proof against all setbacks or embarrassments, even the disclosure that his father-in-law is a slum landlord.

"Unemployment" is shorthand for poverty, a mis-

match of skills and jobs (a surplus of common laborers cannot relieve the shortage of secretaries), and the social disorganization of a network of ghettos. The Wagner administration's antipoverty program was wretchedly run, with three rival and overlapping agencies approving programs and supposedly doling out money. Here, too, Lindsay has turned to the Ford Foundation for help. A Ford grant has financed a lengthy study by Mitchell "Mike" Sviridoff, the successful chief of New Haven's antipoverty operations. Sviridoff wants to centralize all policy-making in a new Human Resources Administration but to decentralize operations through a chain of one-stop employment centers. These centers would seek out the unemployed in each neighborhood and administer a comprehensive manpower program including testing, job counseling, training, work experience programs and aggressive follow-up once a worker is placed in a job. These and related functions are now scattered among 30 different public and private agencies.

Sviridoff's ideas worked brilliantly in New Haven, but New York has 45 times as many people. There is a sullen apathy, a depth of degradation in Harlem that is unknown in smaller cities. Mayor Richard Lee in New Haven can reach the natural leaders of his city's relatively small Negro community in a way that Mayor Lindsay cannot cut across the Adam Clayton Powell machine and rival power structures in Harlem. After only six months, Lindsay has barely begun on what may be the task of decades.

The tax fight, the third in Lindsay's lawful trinity, has provided abundant evidence of his stubbornness. He inherited numerous debts and a rising curve of municipal expenditures and obligations. During the previous 10 years, although the city's population actually declined slightly, its annual budget climbed 125 percent to \$3.8 billion, second only to the federal government in the nation. Real estate taxes had gone up by 75 percent, and business and sales taxes had more than doubled. In his final year, Wagner had to seek the state legislature's permission to resort for the first time to short-term borrowing to meet \$256 million of this year's expenses. "A bad loan is better than a good tax," Wagner said in the Micawberish style that drove his critics wild. To close this widening gap between income and expenses, Wagner sought a constitutional amendment that would enable the city to raise the real estate tax above the existing limit. Last year's Democratic-controlled legislature consented, but there was no certainty that this year's legislature, under divided political control, would oblige with the necessary second passage, or that the voters would approve in a referendum.

Lindsay increased the city budget by \$500 million and asked for the equivalent in additional taxes. He proposed a graduated city income tax covering resi-

dents and commuters alike at a rate one-half that of the state's tax, and also a 50 percent jump in the tax on the sale of shares on the New York Stock Exchange. After months of maneuvering, bluffing and cries of outrage, the tax question was resolved at 4 a.m. on June 16 following three days and nights of a marathon bargaining session of city and state leaders. Lindsay wound up with only \$283 million in new taxes, somewhat more than half of what he had asked for. The graduated income tax was set at one-fifth rather than one-half of the state rate, and then only for city residents. Commuters are to pay a tax on their earnings (not including their rents, dividends, capital gains and other income). Their tax is not to be graduated, but the effect is much the same since the size of their exemptions declines as their income rises. In principle if not in disposable cash, this settlement is a victory for Lindsay. Almost no other city has a graduated personal income tax; most cities which have anything of this type have a flat payroll tax that is regressive. Moreover, the settlement established the principle that commuters have to bear some share in the cost of running the "core city" off which they make their living.

During the tax struggle, Lindsay's tactics were criticized. It was suggested that he would have achieved more had he consulted privately with the legislative leaders before setting forth his demands publicly. He was attacked for refusing a deal suggested by Governor Rockefeller that would have brought substantially more revenue but would have included a payroll tax. On balance, Lindsay probably followed the right strategy; some battles are best won by fighting them through to a finish, in the open. In view of Rockefeller's weakened political position, the election year fears of a tax rise that gripped the legislators, and the obdurate opposition to any commuter tax by the suburban members of the Republican-controlled state Senate, Lindsay did about as well as could be expected. And by his fierce resistance to the payroll tax (which further endeared him to the Liberal Party) and his cool refusal to be bluffed by Stock Exchange threats to pull out of the city in retaliation for the higher tax on stock transfers, Lindsay showed that he is not in guiding strings to the business community, even though its members supplied most of his \$2 million campaign fund last year.

Stubbed Toe Over Transit

Lindsay's biggest failure was certainly his mismanagement of the transit strike. For 20 years, a strike "crisis" on the city-owned subways has been a regular feature of the week between Christmas and New Year's. The late Mike Quill was always the star of this pantomime. He made bad faces, shouted ugly threats, waved his Irish blackthorn stick, and generally did his

histrionic best to make the city shake and quiver. The mayor, regardless of his identity, regularly played straight man, pleading municipal poverty and wringing his hands in seeming despair as zero hour approached. But these little dramas always ended with a last-minute, New Year's Eve settlement—at a figure far below Quill's public demand.

Lindsay apparently believed that if he were firm, Quill would not dare call a strike and that if Quill did dare, the mayor could defeat him by rallying the city to get along without a transit system. As a result, the Lindsay administration made its debut on New Year's Day with the threat of a subway strike turned into a dreary reality.

There is little doubt that Lindsay last December could have called in labor attorney Theodore Kheel (whose services he eventually enlisted anyway) and said something like this: "I want you to be my man in these transit talks. Try to hold the price to the city down as much as possible, but find out Mike's ultimate terms and make a deal. If he wants an all-night bargaining session on New Year's Eve or even a quickie, five-hour strike, tell him I'll go along." There would then have been no transit strike and the final wage package would have been no more and probably less than what the city finally granted. But to Lindsay, this approach seemed like political fixing rather than collective bargaining as he envisaged it (having never experienced it).

Once the strike began, many rank-and-file citizens, and not all of them in the middle or upper class, began to growl demands for a crackdown. Why not put the strikers in jail? Why not mobilize the National Guard to run the subways? Or at least drive the buses? Where was the spirit of Calvin Coolidge who broke the Boston police strike with an epigram? Only Lindsay's innate good sense saved him. Yet if there is a middle way in strikes of public employees between Robert Wagner and Calvin Coolidge, Lindsay hasn't found it. He still talks hopefully of a "more scientific approach" and of "genuine collective bargaining," but as the public health nurses, the garbage collectors, and all the other municipal unions come trooping in to bludgeon him with pay demands, he speaks with less optimism.

From the debacle of the subway strike, the Lindsay administration could only move up. It has gained in experience and confidence, and if Lindsay has not revolutionized New York, he has revived its morale. And to the grace notes of his style as a leader, he adds the priceless asset of luck: after five years of drought, this spring the rains came and he was able to lift most of the water restrictions. If he can make Albany and Washington shower down the tax dollars in comparable abundance, John Lindsay might become one of the great political rainmakers.

JULES FEIFFER

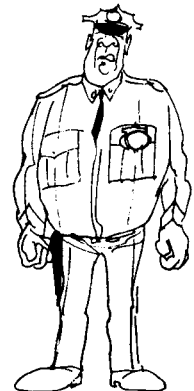
RECENT RIOTS AND CHARGES OF POLICE BRUTALITY HAVE BROUGHT NEW FOCUS ON THE GRIEVANCES OF THE NEGRO COMMUNITY.



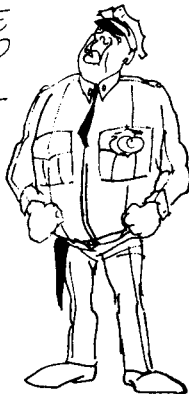
BUT NO NEW FOCUS HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON THE AREA THAT SERIOUSLY DESERVES ATTENTION—THE GRIEVANCES OF THE POLICE.



LOSS OF STATUS, LOW PAY, A SENSE OF CULTURAL DEPRIVATION, AND GRAVE IDENTITY PROBLEMS HAVE INCREASINGLY ALIENATED THE POLICEMAN FROM HIS COMMUNITY.



WHERE A POLICE OFFICER COULD ONCE FEEL A SENSE OF MASCULINITY AND PRIDE HE IS TODAY RIDDEN BY A SENSE OF INADEQUACY AND RESENTMENT.



CONTINUED LACK OF COMMUNICATION PLUS FORCED RESTRAINT ON PICKET LINES THROUGH WHOM THEY COULD ONCE CHARGE FREELY HAVE BOTTLED POLICE FRUSTRATIONS TO THE BREAKING POINT.



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IF THE LONG HOT SUMMER IS NOT TO BE FOLLOWED BY A TEAR GASSY, WATER HOSEY, CATTLE PRODDY AUTUMN THE VOICE OF THIS DISENFRANCHISED MINORITY MUST FINALLY BE LISTENED TO!



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BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Ordeal of Evelyn Waugh

by Joseph Featherstone

Dell has reissued the best of Evelyn Waugh, two novels per volume, in its Laurel paperback series, so there is no longer any excuse for not being completely familiar with his cockeyed, heartbreaking world. Rereading the finished work, we begin to take the measure of our loss.

Waugh loved having the last laugh, and no doubt with this in mind he essayed the last critical word about his own stature in *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*. Pinfold, Waugh's satirical self, was not a great originator, but a gifted adapter, a writer "notable for elegance and variety of contrivance." Pinfold thought his books "well made, better than many reputed works of genius, but he was not vain of his accomplishment, still less of his reputation." Warming to his work, Waugh even concocted a BBC Third Programme attack on everything that Pinfold stood for: "The basic qualities of a Pinfold novel seldom vary and may be enumerated thus: conventionality of plot, falseness of characterization, morbid sentimentality, gross and hackneyed farce alternating with grosser and more hackneyed melodrama; cloying religiosity, which will be found tedious or blasphemous according as the reader shares or repudiates his doctrinal preconceptions; and adventitious and offensive sensuality that is clearly introduced for commercial motives."

It is true that Waugh was not a great original; he was an inspired borrower. The innocent hero in his first novel *Decline and Fall* (1928) owes a great deal to Voltaire's *Candide*, and yet how perfectly *Candide* is made to speak for Waugh's vision of England in the Long Weekend. So much went into the comic repertoire: Oscar Wilde's dandified, drawling manner of social ridicule (and, less happily, a Wildean sentimental decadence); the literary shenanigans of Norman Douglas, particularly the outrages of *South Wind*;

and above all the novelistic techniques of Ronald Firbank, to whom Waugh cheerfully acknowledged a debt. Firbank's novels experimented with reducing narration to a minimum, relying on a special brand of dialogue to carry the burden of the book. The dialogue was a brilliant invention, a compound of incompleted sentences, astounding ellipses, and bizarre juxtapositions of phrases, all to produce a quick, gay, febrile, and occasionally sinister effect that now seems so characteristically Waugh's. Waugh also improved upon Firbank's method of developing a novel in a series of rapid vignettes, visual images like those in a film that serve to sum up or comment upon the movement of the dialogue. The technique (some people called it counterpoint) permitted an escape from old-fashioned chronology; it was perfect for rendering the jazzy, dislocated atmosphere of the inter-war years, particularly the exhilaration and delirium of Waugh's *Bright Young People*. Waugh probably took his booby trap from Firbank, too; the booby trap was some small fact that reappears throughout the novel, often creating weird chains of events, like little Lord Tangent's fatal wound in *Decline and Fall*. Waugh's other comic devices were as old as farce itself, but to whatever he took, he imparted a unique Crazy Kat quality of satirical surprise. The headmaster of a school enters the dining hall: "The Doctor advanced to the table at the end of the room, picked up a Bible and opening it at random read a chapter of blood-curdling military history without any evident relish."

Many readers have insisted on the underlying seriousness of Waugh's vision. The titles suggest the pulpit: *Decline and Fall* (1928), *Vile Bodies* (1930), *A Handful of Dust* (1934). That Waugh was a moralist was never in doubt; at the age of 7 he concluded a novel entitled *The Curse of the Horse*

Race with: "I hope this story will be a lesson to you not to bet." Moral energy certainly went into the creation of the early novels, but the result was a replica world, and thus infinitely complex: full of hectic gaiety, insane vignettes and chilling pratfalls; unforgettable comic figures like the London Smart Set, Grimes, the matchless bounder, Philbrick, the criminal butler; exotic flowerings of Waugh's fancy such as Lord Copper's sensationalistic newspaper, *The Daily Beast*, or the farcical African kingdom of Azania. All the lives in this rich and various world were rounded with the threat of catastrophe: In the best of the early novels, *A Handful of Dust*, Tony Last's life disintegrates into a crescendo of horror. His wife betrays him and flees their Gothic country estate for London:

"... It was as though the whole reasonable and decent constitution of things, the sum of all he had experienced or learned to expect, were an inconspicuous, inconsiderable object mislaid somewhere on the dressing table; no outrageous circumstance in which he found himself, no new mad thing brought to his notice could add a jot to the all-encompassing chaos that shrieked about his ears."

But even here Waugh undercuts the seriousness, for there are newer and madder and more chaotic things in store for Tony. He ends in the jungles of Latin America, the prisoner of a lunatic to whom he must read aloud the works of Dickens.

Pure satire, as Waugh himself once pointed out, rests on commonly acknowledged standards and conventions. Waugh's impulses were moralistic and satirical, but he had very few standards in common with his readers, except a distaste for the modern world. He therefore went beyond satire. He was, like most moderns, forced to recreate his own values; and as a writer he then had to fashion fictional settings in which they would be valid. As it turned out, Waugh's settled beliefs

were absurdly reactionary. He converted to the most arid Catholic dogmatism, of a sort that carried with it a rural Restoration outlook on all social issues. Fortunately he was a novelist, and the specific demands of character and incident constantly redeemed the abstract dreariness of his ideals. He was, to flatter him, a little like Dante, whose *figurae* – abstract types – kept turning into real people, the power of his human imagery breaking down his theoretical schemes. Throughout Waugh's career there was a movement in his work towards deeper and more rounded characterization, and with it a certain loss of satirical intensity. But even in the early works, the hard polish of the surface was occasionally flawed with compassion, especially in his wonderful portraits of the exquisite, doomed women of the '20's. Here is Brenda, the unfaithful wife in *A Handful of Dust*.

"It was an aptitude she had, never to look half-finished; when she was really exhausted, as she often was on her return to Hetton after these days in London, she went completely to pieces quite suddenly and became a waif; then she would sit over the fire with a cup of bread and milk, hardly alive, until Tony took her up to bed."

Apart from the spluttering polemics he wrote in the '30's defending British oil interests in Mexico and Mussolini in Ethiopia, the most intrusively dogmatic of Waugh's books was *Brideshead Revisited* (1945). It is a particularly annoying book, because the first half contains some of his most evocative writing. For a time he restrains his

pious reverence for the Catholic country gentry and their great estate, and makes wonderful use of his own recollections of Oxford: "My theme is memory, that winged host that soared about me one grey morning of war-time. . . ." But leaks occur, and the whole vessel begins to sink. Towards the end, the idealizations of the gentry, the confusion between religion and real estate, and the lush sentimentality become nearly unbearable. In *Decline and Fall*, when Waugh wanted to represent the upper classes at Oxford, he told a more amusing story. Of the posh Bollinger Club, he wrote:

"At the last dinner, three years ago, a fox had been brought in in a cage and stoned to death with champagne bottles. . . . This was the first meeting since then, and from all over Europe old members had rallied for the occasion. . . . epileptic royalty from their villas of exile; uncouth peers from crumbling country seats; smooth young men of uncertain tastes from embassies and legations; illiterate lairds from wet granite hovels in the Highlands; ambitious young barristers and Conservative candidates torn from the London season and the indelicate advances of the debutantes; all that was most sonorous of name and title was there for the beano."

Still, *Brideshead* is fascinating for the light it throws on Waugh. It shows the surprising extent to which he still trailed wisps of the Pre-Raphaelite vision. (His first book was a study of Rossetti.) This was plain in *A Handful of Dust*, too, the account of the impact of the modern world on Tony Last's sensitive, romantic soul: "A whole Gothic world had come to grief. . . . there was no armor glittering through the forest glades, no embroidered feet on the greensward; the cream and dappled unicorns had fled. . . ." This romanticism was closely associated in Waugh's mind with the idyllic youth he sketched so beautifully in the first half of his memoir, *A Little Learning* (1964). Here, he drew a sharp line between himself as a child and his adolescent self, who was, he believed, "conceited, heartless, and cautiously malevolent," "not only cold, but quite lacking in sincerity," and with a preco-

cious aptitude for defending the indefensible. The point is interesting, because most readers of Waugh are struck by a particular kind of cruelty he occasionally displays, resembling nothing so much as the hysterical, slightly deranged malice of a schoolboy barely able to control his feelings. This adolescent quality comes through in *The Loved One* (1948), in many respects the maddest and most glittering of his books.

But the truly lost youth, the forest glades and the greensward, was on the far side of adolescence. His nostalgia for this came by some process of imaginative extension to be a love of the vanished English past. He spoke of the "grim cycle of spoliation" in 20th-Century England, and declaimed: "To have been born into a world of beauty, to die amid ugliness, is the common fate of all us exiles." Here, perhaps, were the emotional springs of Waugh's Catholicism, otherwise, as he once confessed, a purely intellectual matter, a dogmatic hypothesis to hold up against the encroaching chaos. Romantic nostalgia, snobbery, and wistfulness about cream-colored unicorns do not constitute a religion; and so there is some question as to whether Waugh should be spoken of as a religious writer.

There are two possible exceptions to this statement, two books that may have a great deal to do with religion, or at least a kind of devotion. The first is Waugh's splendid trilogy on the Second World War, *Sword of Honor*. This will be read for generations as a record of what the war meant to England; but it will also be read as the account of the pilgrimage of a kind of modern saint. There are striking thematic parallels with Ford Madox Ford's First World War trilogy, *Parade's End*, which is also concerned with the quiet martyrdom of a hero. Waugh's hero, Guy Crouchback is not quite as passive as Ford's Tietjens; he sees the war as a chance to renew a dessicated life. *Sword of Honor* is the story of an engaging and hopelessly old-fashioned man attempting to make his soul, waging a private war against his own tedium and disgust. He is fighting what Waugh once called the great modern sin, closely allied to despair. The sin is sloth, the refusal of joy; what St. Thomas called sadness in the face of

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spiritual good. *Sword of Honor* represents a subdued and mature Waugh; it is not primarily satirical, though his vision of the effects of the war on English society has plenty of the old ginger in it. In breadth and variety of characterization it exceeds any of his earlier works, and suggests the amplex of the great 19th-Century novelists.

The other book, which may in a sense be religious, is the curious self-portrait, *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (1957). It concerns a psychological crisis in the life of a middle-aged writer, who on an ocean voyage for his health begins to hear voices accusing him of every form

of viciousness and depravity. Through the wildly funny hallucinations of Pinfold, the reader begins to realize that this, too, is a kind of pilgrim's progress, a radically Protestant examination of conscience. Waugh, who so clearly is Pinfold, reviews his whole life, rejecting some of the accusations the voices hurl at him, accepting others. Gradually the figure of poor Pinfold, this small, rational, guilty mite attempting to make some moral order of the cruel blizzard of voices, becomes extraordinarily moving, one of the most touching as well as the funniest of all Evelyn Waugh's comic inventions.

Analysis Italian Style

by Robert Coles

At noon on Monday, September 2, 1901, Freud arrived in Rome, there to spend twelve almost ecstatic days. It was a very significant and long-delayed moment in his life. For several years he had been taking trips to northern Italy, always with the capital city as an eventual goal. He was European and Viennese; like Browning, Goethe and

Incubus

by Giuseppe Berto
(Knopf; \$5.95)

Heine he saw Italy as a place of warmth and reigning beauty, a refuge from the excesses of that single-minded devotion to "cold reason" or "pure thought" so common north of the Alps. He was also drawn to the Italy (and particularly the Rome) of ancient history. Memories, whether of an individual or of an entire people, were his great and consistent interest.

Yet psychoanalysis as a cultural or

institutional force has not taken hold in either the Italy or Greece that Freud found so compelling. In 1965, at the 24th Congress of the International Psychoanalytical Association held in Amsterdam, 239 Americans and 50 Englishmen provided the obvious, predominant majority of registered members. There were ten Italians and no one from Greece. Although some analysts so define their work that social and cultural "factors" (as they are called) not to mention historical or political ones, count for little in psychoanalytic theory or treatment, the everyday vicissitudes of the world and of history have given the psychoanalytic profession no corresponding immunity. Americans have taken to the couch, among other reasons, because they are Americans, of a certain kind. Italians have stayed away, and often enough for reasons having nothing to do with "health" or "sickness." It is not their style to take man so seriously, or to dwell on his thinking so interminably. If the frivolous mind can whistle in the dark, the endlessly analytical one can lose itself in the impenetrable shades of its own meaning. Concept is piled on concept. The intellect declines - or narrowly constricts - its access to the heart, the city and the stars - what are stars, anyway, but diversionary symbols of this or that in the unconscious, or a faraway mass of elements from Mendeleev's Periodic Table. When the mind's associations are each day's sub-

Robert Coles this week joins *The New Republic* as a Contributing Editor. A research psychiatrist at the Harvard University Health Services, Dr. Coles has worked with and observed young Negroes and whites in the North and South during the past years and has been a frequent contributor to this and other journals.

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ject matter, and unsparing interpretations the royal road (to where is still an undecided issue), there may be no spirit left for festivals and siestas.

Of course in the United States we seldom dance in the street or close our shops to take afternoon naps. We are much too serious, much too self-conscious for that. Is it any wonder, then, that no American novelist has really been able (or willing) to come to terms with psychoanalysis in the relaxed and smiling way Italo Svevo did with *Confessions of Zeno* (1923) and Giuseppe Bertolucci has done again with *Incubus*? While we have produced a debased culture (and, God help us, a literary criticism) saturated with caricatures of both the principles and practice of psychoanalysis, our writers (or the best of them) have withdrawn from that culture into strictly regional movements, exiled coteries, or a kind of intensely private world that would certainly want to resist the presence of the all-time busybody that the conscientious analyst quite properly has to be. What is left, so far as literary treatment of psychoanalysis goes, are the vulgar snake-pit novels, the absurd, syrupy doctors who practice in movies, television or what passes for the theatre, and, finally, the excellent stories of Lillian Ross.

In *Incubus*, published two years ago as *Il Male Oscuro*, just now translated (and very well) by William Weaver, a distinguished Italian novelist has managed to portray in words the almost impossible combination of the ironic, the comic, the almost unbearably sad, that together characterize both a patient's life and his analyst's work. The incubus is an elusive, hard-to-describe malady that afflicts the nameless writer whose thoughts, feelings, and experiences are, in sum, the content of the book—which is, thus, a fictional autobiography. Periods, commas, paragraphs, none of them around in our thinking to divide and lend order to its preoccupations, are largely absent in this book. Every effort is made to bring alive a worried (and literate) man's mind as it works by itself or meets up with other people, and with those particular other people, a succession of psychiatrists.

The book is one long funny and woe-ful circle, from the beginning when the

author starts telling about his struggles with his father, to the end when he is presumably in the midst of writing what the reader has just finished reading. We gradually learn about the man's petit bourgeois social background, his schooling, his participation in Mussolini's vainglorious military escapades, and his career as a film-script writer. In early middle age, with his father's illness and death, he becomes increasingly upset, confused, and plagued by nondescript aches and pains, ominous dreams, premonitions and forebodings of one sort or another, and a spreading, worsening, finally crippling mixture of anxiety and fear.

His sisters nag at him, his father in his last days can be as inattentive, cold and cruel as the son remembers he used to be. The past intrudes on the present as the guilty, angry, remorseful son visits the dying father, and wishes him (an easy, painless) death. Upon that death the son starts worrying about baldness and his own body's decay. The tug of childhood becomes stronger, as does the self-absorption that goes first with illness, then with analysis of illness. We learn more and more about the writer's (and patient's) fantasies, guilts, and dreams as his doctors try to show him how his past "vicissitudes" live on to influence his everyday malaise and despair.

The book is filled with an extraordinary, subtle kind of knowledge about the mind's function. It is a pleasure to be spared all those simple-minded terms and phrases that some psychiatrists as well as laymen call upon to "explain" life's complexities — by arbitrarily isolating them into convenient categories. If the doctor occasionally has to do so in his office because both he and his patients have so little time, he should know enough to look elsewhere (and more broadly) when he leaves that office. Certainly the novelist, if he is something more than a wordy clinician-manqué, will demand of himself and his readers the willingness to see how many truths can be gleaned from any experience or problem; even from the most discrete and "obvious" dream. Throughout this book that truth stands out, and it does so despite the inevitable abundance of lesser if flashier truths produced by all

forms of introspection, including a novelist's kind that is fashioned to resemble an analyst's.

Marvelous scenes come one after another as we are rushed back and forth through the author's life. There are doctors, operations, bills, and many women. There is his *angst*, his search for greatness, his near enjoyment of worry and fear, his exhaustion, and always, his phobias, well known to his doctors and friends. He resolves, and then procrastinates. He speculates tirelessly on his loss of energy. He dwells on death, posterity, fame, love and money. There are pills to be taken and shock treatments threatened. Feverish periods of poor health alternate with the hilarious, demeaning script-writing he must do for money. He is convinced that his final purpose is to write a masterpiece, perhaps the book we are now reading.

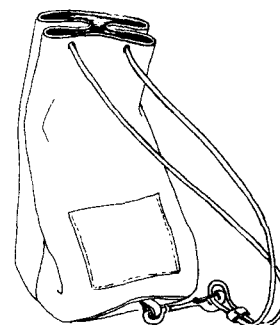
In the end he is "better," that is he has fought his illness to a standstill: the symptoms go, but there remains a certain fatalistic sense of being cheated and hurt in spirit. He knows the nature of his "compulsive" malady. He admits reluctantly that he can manage without further treatment, and eventually he decides to leave his wife (they have had a stormy time of it) and daughter to seek peace and a final, uninhibited confrontation with the father of his youth.

He gets older and more wrinkled; he lives a peasant's life near the sea and opposite the Sicily he heard his father mention to him as a child. He feels closer to his father, to his ancestors; he is resigned and somehow shed of vanity. The writing he dreamed he would do and the ambitions he wanted fulfilled mean nothing to him. He works at the land and does his daily chores, almost ascetically. No cure can mean anything unless it leads to a certain rhythm of life. At the end of this book we realize that somehow the setting for its beginning has been established. Out of a bleak childhood almost fiercely met, and for a while relived, will come the willful perspective that the artist at work possesses. I suppose that is what psychoanalysis at its best can sometimes do, help people live intimately enough with their past to learn to use its power, not simply know its details.

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"Steagle" is a coined word. During the Second World War two football teams—the Steelers and the Eagles—were combined and called the Steagles. Irvin Faust's novel is about another coalition in crisis; a young college teacher, under the pressures of the Cuban missile threat in 1962, fuses his past and present realities with his immanent fantasies. Faust's first book, *Roar Lion*

The Steagle
by Irvin Faust
(Random House; \$4.95)

Roar, a collection of stories that was published a year and a half ago, announced a vital vernacular talent. His novel resoundingly confirms that talent although it is not in itself successful.

Harold Aaron Weissburg is what Edward Albee calls an Abmaphid (AB, MA, PhD) with a wife and two young children. He teaches English, peers up his girl-students' dresses, hates his bright male students and his mossy chief, and carries on a steaming interior dialogue with the world. In these respects, an average man. He is both an Army veteran and a veteran of the cold war, and the latter is beginning to frazzle his nerves.

As the missile crisis worsens, his nerves frazzle further. He is driving a female colleague home in his Renault, and they stop in a parking lot to listen on the car radio to President Kennedy's firm speech. Rendered quietly desperate, Harold commits infidelity with his female companion, who had not previously attracted him. (In a Renault. Desperation indeed.) Next day he explodes in class, and instead of lecturing on the mystique of the Elizabethan hero, he flies off on some free association about baseball players, ending in pig-Latin profanity. (The lecture is a big success.) Then, in the middle of a conference with an attractive student ("all the while the blockade tightening like Loretta's sweater"), he suddenly runs away.

It is an unplanned pilgrimage to places in his past and in his past fantasy. He goes first to Chicago and sleeps with a

Pop Pilgrim's Progress

by Stanley Kauffmann

strip-teaser whom he saw when he was attending a recent convention. He visits South Bend and plays a solo football game on the Notre Dame field. He goes to Milwaukee and finds a Polish girl he knew in his Army days—only it turns out to be the girl's daughter. (An egregiously sentimental episode, contrived and pat.) He acts out an impersonation in Las Vegas, with two pool-side lovelies. Then on, of course, to the Vatican of the pop faith—Hollywood. There he runs into a famous bit player, a tough guy now older and soddern. Movie magic had burned this moron's face into Harold's youthful brain and canonized him. Together they get into a barroom fight. Together they visit a deserted movie studio and play out a battle scene.

Then at the height or depth of his drinking around with the actor, Harold learns that the Russians are backing down in Cuba. His worries about the world are not finished, but the immediate parabola begins to descend. He fantasizes his way back East.

Faust's imagination sizzles, darts and flares, and he has fitted his style to it like a stroboscopic light outlining its motion. There are good lines. (When he first speaks to the strip-teaser: "She looked at him sleepily, with the non-academic, commercial-course eyes." Anyone who ever attended a large high school recognizes her.) But in the main the style is hard to sample because it is kinetic and aggregate—a molecular play of memory, association, and projection.

Most of the terms of reference are from Masscult—the book is a portrait in pop—and, of course, the all-embracing atmosphere in which Harold's imagination lives is that of American films. A boyhood friend of his said, "If it wasn't for movies I'd go nuts." What this means, really, is that the movies are the place where Harold and his friends *do* go nuts. Here is Harold at the movies:

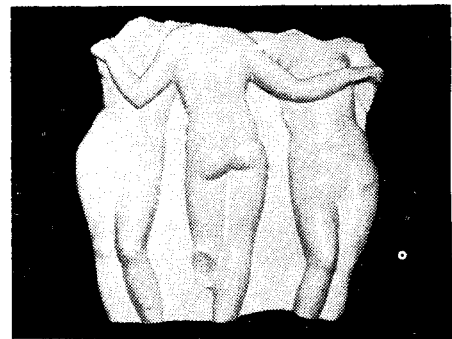
"The first time around was the usual warm-up. Catch the action, work on gesture, movement, expression. Tune

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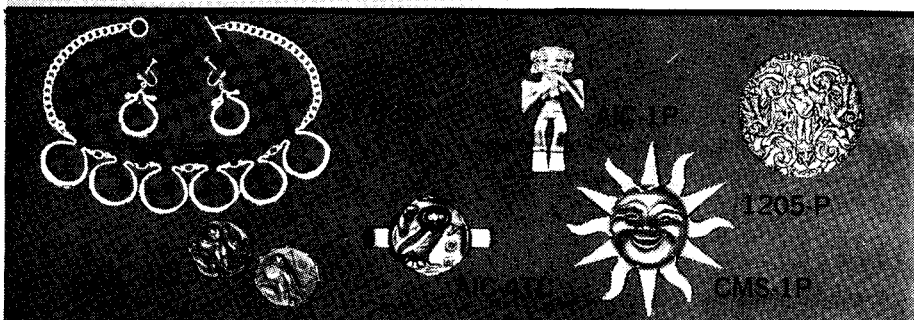
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out the sound. The formula still worked. . . ."

Sitting through the picture again: "This time he worked for details, the serious stuff." It catches exactly the use of the film as vicarious experience. This is not merely the conventional escape to South Seas or to downy boudoirs; it is the use of movie-watching as fantasy collaboration—the viewer as fanciful participant in the making of the film—that is a substitute for creativity in many of Harold's generation and after. (It has even become a school of film criticism that "tunes out the sound" and often does not tune it back.)

The book is extraordinarily entertaining (if that is not a callous word) in its weaving of current anguish and concurrent dream. But from its first page it starts to slip from a position of consequence into a pigeon-hole. That first page begins to tell us that this is, yet again, a novel about a perplexed contemporary urban American Jew. Faust is not a copyist. He speaks in his own voice about his own experience. But that experience is of such limited circumference and has been so tracked and cross-tracked in recent years that only a monumental work—which this is not—could shuck our consciousness of literary antecedent. Saul Bellow had a tough enough job of doing it in *Herzog* and did not quite succeed. Faust is far behind Bellow, and, chronologically, at least he follows Bruce Jay Friedman, Wallace Markfield, Jack Ludwig, Mordecai Richler, and others. Every new novel does not require a brand new hero and milieu, and the subject of contemporary American Jews is not remotely exhausted; but this approach to the subject is tired for the moment—the black-humor, pop-fantasy, nostalgically playful reaction to the threat of apocalypse.

A note, too, about the Yiddish words with which the book is strewn. The effect for someone who does not understand them must be one of exclusion. It is not conceivable that Harold's thoughts would be free of Yiddish, any more than an Italian-American's thoughts would be free of the phrases of his childhood. But there is a strong tinge in this book of the Lenny Bruce syndrome: the assumption that anyone

who doesn't understand Yiddish references is not just Gentile but square. It seems possible that Harold could have been equally Jewish and less parochial.

Numerous facile gimmicks also mar the book: a half-page for a knock-knock joke, typographical trickeries that have little value, drawn-out gags that are immediately perceived and do not warrant reading in detail (a three-page mock radio speech at a film premiere, a two-page mock Hollywood column, and others).

But the principal defect—without which the other demurrals would fade—is a lack of relation between action and theme. Partially, this is because Harold is not a realized character. He is supposedly a professional intellectual, but, although some verbal badges are pinned on him from time to time, there is little inner conviction of this. In *Roar Lion Roar* many of the characters live in pop euphoria, grateful because they have nothing else in their lives. Harold seems too much like them. He has been moved up several social notches and has been awarded some degrees, but in his qualities of loneliness and frustration and terror, he is not greatly different from the stock clerks or janitor's assistants of the first book. (Which is not to say that intellectuals never have pop fantasies.) A stock

clerk may serve as surrogate for all of us if we can believe him as a stock clerk, but an unconvincing intellectual is an unconvincing man and therefore a dud vicar.

A further bar to a causal relation between the crisis and the action is the similarity of the textures of Harold's life before, during and after the crisis. He breaks physically loose during those nine or ten days, which he had not done before (so far as we know), and the intent is to show us a man trying frantically to touch all the bases of his life—real and unreal—before he gets blown up. But his frenzied fantasizing is so much the same, before and after, that it works against the supposedly extraordinary quality of his expedition.

Faust has a seemingly epidermal sensitivity to his environment, which is demonstrated in this novel as effectively as in his stories. But the book is splashed with self-indulgences and a touch of that arrogance that sometimes afflicts truly sensitive writers. ("If we can perceive these things and put them down pungently," they seem to say, "be satisfied. Never mind whether we realize characters or fulfill themes.") Because he is one of the most gifted of his generation, we insist on our right to hope that he will grow, not ingrow.

Johnson in the Big World

by Marquis W. Childs

So intimately is the temperament of the President entwined with every issue, whether foreign or domestic, that it is difficult if not impossible to separate the man from the policy. Abstract thought, reflection, a concern for the sweep of history and its bearing on the

Lyndon B. Johnson and the World
by Philip Geyelin
(Praeger; \$5)

world, these are alien to Lyndon Johnson. He is a pragmatist in the purest meaning of that term.

The service this book performs, and it is an important service, is to separate, insofar as it can be done, Johnson, the man, from the Johnson foreign policy

as it has evolved in two-and-a-half years. To this task the author brings a wealth of information. While Mr. Geyelin stops short of sweeping conclusions, it is hardly too much to say after a careful reading of his book that there is no Johnson foreign policy. Instead we see a mosaic of episodes, each resolved or left unresolved in the President's own singular style.

In these separate adventures, Mr. Johnson is at his best when he can operate off stage with the options reserved until he reaches his own private decision. For all the initial bluster and blow, Panama, when once the public uproar had died down, was an example of the technique that he had perfected as leader of the majority in the Senate.

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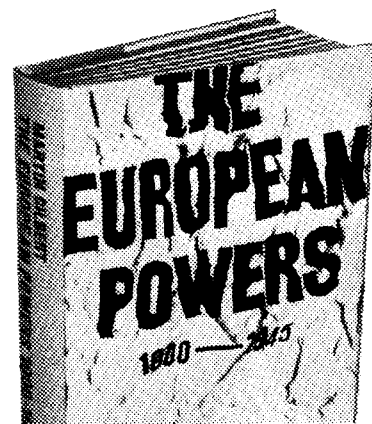
The European Powers

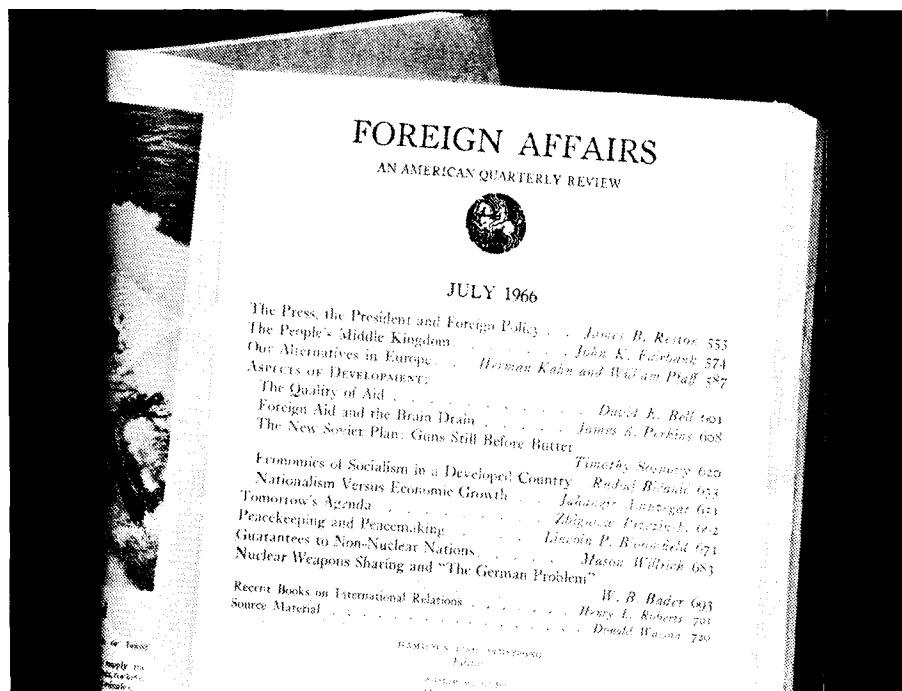
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The Congo was another instance in which the quiet use of power and diplomacy brought at least a semblance of a settlement. And the Cyprus crisis, too, showed that when the President put authority in the capable hands of Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, a resolution short of disaster was possible.

In the author's carefully documented study of the Johnson temperament, we are made to see why when he must perform in full view the President can be

so disastrously wrongheaded. Vietnam is, of course, the case in point. For Mr. Johnson nothing short of "winning" is tolerable. Having committed himself to the course of "victory," reducing complex, subtle, and difficult matters almost to the level of the good guys versus the bad guys, he finds to his increasing dismay that he is falling deeper and deeper into a trap from which he is quite unable to extricate himself.

Mr. Geyelin shows, and such a thorough dissection of the Johnson temper-

ament is one of the virtues of the book, how popularity and the polls impinge directly on the decisions in the field of foreign policy. Under our form of government this is certainly not a new phenomenon. But in Mr. Johnson with his can-do, must-win determination, popularity — consensus is the word — becomes an obsession.

Because of the modest, unassuming tone of the book the reader is all the more inclined to accept the author's final judgment:

"The test of a great President, it has been written, is morality. It is not necessary to pass judgment on whether Johnson has it to argue that he does not radiate it, that he does not exert moral leadership, that he does not inspire. . . . If the ability to inspire and the courage of one's strength are, indeed, what make a President the master of events, by mid-1966 Johnson had yet to prove himself. For Lyndon Johnson and the world, the test would almost surely be Vietnam. And the question kept coming back hauntingly: could consensus be counted on to fix a safe course in so dangerous and deep a sea?"

The evidence accumulating in recent months is that if Mr. Johnson once had a consensus on Vietnam, and in hindsight it must seem to have been a consensus based largely on ignorance and indifference, he has now lost it. This impels him, as we have seen in the Chicago "Nervous Nellie" speech and later at Des Moines, to a kind of fury at his critics. The ambassadors who bring the bad tidings must be destroyed. When the Johnson temperament is combined with the state of the world this makes for a singularly dangerous moment.

While many Johnson books are said to be in the making we are not likely soon to have anything as valuable as this sober study of the President in the role that is critical not only for the man but for the nation. Scholarly is the description that occurs, and scholars in the future will be mining the Geyelin book not only for the information it provides but for the insights into a figure whose public presence baffles those who would understand his private conduct of large affairs.

Mark Twain Beside Himself

by Lawrence Grauman, Jr.

Several weeks ago a weary Hal Holbrook closed his one man show, *Mark Twain Tonight*, that he has been giving throughout this and at least twelve foreign countries, for more than seven years. At about the same time Holbrook started his marathon impersonation of Mark Twain-as-America's - most - beloved-platform-personality, a literary handyman, Charles Neider, published

Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain
by Justin Kaplan
(Simon and Schuster; \$7.95)

The Autobiography of Mark Twain - to be confused with Paine's *Mark Twain's Autobiography* and DeVoto's *Mark Twain in Eruption*, to which it adds very little - in the introduction of which he wrote:

"It brings back the tone and flavor of an America which was young and optimistic, a homespun, provincial America but an America with greatness in its heart. Thoreau's America may have contained many lives of quiet desperation. Mark Twain's decidedly did not."

Holbrook and Neider, along with subsequent performers, promoters and scholars, have encouraged a revival of popular and academic interest in Twain that is greater than at any time since his death. The curious thing is that the popular and the academic celebrants have had largely the same view of Twain's protean personality: the Local Colorist as Folk Hero, our most successful fabulist, a drawling dirty old *enfant terrible* who mysteriously became a cherished literary property. Sam Clemens created that image long before Hal Holbrook.

Recent interest in the "early" image of Mark Twain recalls one of the most interesting controversies in American letters. In 1920 Van Wyck Brooks published *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* - still the most imaginative and articulate treatment of the subject - in which Twain appears as the artist *manqué*, a tormented casualty of the Gilded Age. Brooks argued that "Twain's genius

was perverted by the pressure of his time and place." Bernard DeVoto, Twain's second literary executor, in 1932 pictured Twain as the fabulist of the New West, the product of an expansive, vibrant frontier culture that provided the ideal roots for an American writer. Brooks and DeVoto later almost exchanged critical positions.

It has been said that the Mark Twain "problem" is essentially those last, lost 25 years of what can only be called incipient madness. Now Justin Kaplan has taken up the Ordeal of Mark Twain. With access to a mammoth collection of material that was unavailable to Brooks (and, for a while, to DeVoto, who estimated that Twain in his last 10 years wrote 15,000 pages of largely abortive prose), he has published the first extensive biography in many years. His is a study in "doubleness," of the public and literary personality of Twain as an "eccentric demon born of the needs, aggressions, and reticences of Sam Clemens..."

We begin with Clemens at 31, on the assumption that the books Twain wrote about his early years are "incomparably the best possible accounts," even if they may not always be the truest. Since Kaplan believes the "central drama" of Clemens' mature literary life was his discovery of a "usable past" which he was able to transform imaginatively into literature, the biographer has concentrated on Clemens' later explorations of the literary and psychological options of the created identity called Mark Twain. This emphasis on "psychological options" and the rediscovery of youth provides Kaplan with one of the two related themes for his study; the other is the destruction of Clemens by his own - or rather Twain's - success.

Clemens himself would have appreciated the difficulties Kaplan faced. For the biographer has attempted to have it both ways - and consequently he is likely to please his different audiences only part of the time. The general reader may feel that he has taken too much for granted; the academic critic will find him insufficiently "rigorous." *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* repre-

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sents a prodigious accumulation of data, selected and shaped from both a biographical and a critical perspective, and presented without much style—or rather in a tentative mixture of styles—in a form that is a compromise between the popular and the scholarly.

For example, in his chapter on *The Innocents Abroad* Kaplan observes

"... Intermittently through the writing of the book, insistently toward the end of it, [Twain] measures not his distance from the past but his closeness. 'That canonized epoch'—Hannibal and the river, not purified of terror but shaped to embrace it—is to become not only his prime subject but also the reality that was home base, that gave him life, where he could make the Antaeian connection of sole and soil."

The awkward syntax, the abrupt mix of classical and colloquial allusions, the pseudo-lyrical looseness leave the reader wondering what purifying-the-past-of-the-present means. Kaplan has not intended to write a psychoanalytical study of Clemens, but since he frequently relies on psychological conjecture, the reader often expects more evidence than is supplied. For instance, critics have been interested in the origins of *Huckleberry Finn*. Kaplan explains that, on a visit to Hartford in 1868, Clemens

"... Saw children gathering buckets

of [huckleberries] on the hillsides, and by the slow process of unconscious creation the huckleberry, a Hartford fact, was to become talisman for recapturing the Hannibal past. What had happened was that, in Hartford, the sight of a promised land, and in New York, his first meetings with Olivia Langdon caressed and quickened memory and aspiration."

We search in vain through Kaplan's prose and through his copious notes for some acknowledgment on Clemens' part of this specific conjunction in the "slow process of creation"; we do find, however, another suggestion, a couple of hundred pages on, that Huck's name has something to do with Clemens' brief stay in Heidelberg, which word derives from "a telescoping of *Heidelbeereberg*, meaning Huckleberry Mountain." Kaplan is as ready to draw a fast *aperçu* on Clemens' psyche out of textual material as out of biographical. He quotes from Chapter 8 of *Roughing It*, the lovely account of the pony-express rider who was "a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance"; as he burst past the stage-coach, he acknowledges the hurrahs of ordinary men with

"... A wave of the rider's hand, but no reply. ... So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, that but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail-

sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, maybe."

What is happening here, Kaplan tells us, is that "in some unconscious, unerring way Clemens was summing up his restored pride in himself as a writer and his dazzled wonderment at the workings of his imagination." Since Kaplan sets great store by "psychologically loaded accidents and coincidences," the reader learns to moderate his wonderment at the workings of the biographer's imagination; he then is less put off by interpretations of Clemens' psychologically predetermined behavior or by the recurring word-play (Clemens/claimant; Mark/dark; Twain/twins). Those sympathetic with this kind of suggestiveness may even stay with Kaplan on those rare occasions when he abandons all scholarly prudence and just wrestles Clemens to the couch—as in this scene where the newly-wed writer presumably reflects on his past while his wife naps upstairs:

"Livy sleeps, imagination and memory awake and seek out the past. She is a flesh-and-blood wife, but she is also a guiding principle, a symbolic figure he invests with its own power to select and purify. She has become an idealized superego which frees him from the taint of adolescent experiments and frontier lawlessness and allows him to experience a . . . tension between the social order he has become a part of and the boyhood reality he can never leave behind him."

Given this kind of entrée to intimate relationships, it is surprising that Kaplan devotes so little space to the familiar question of whether or not Mrs. Clemens emasculated and "genteelized" her husband's prose. Based on the brief treatment of Olivia's role in the writing of *The Gilded Age* (she and Mrs. Warner joined their husbands in a kind of literary referendum at the end of each day's work), it appears that her reputation for aggressive prudery is largely a myth. (It should be added that Kaplan leaves the impression—probably accurate—that Clemens himself was almost as anxious about "decency"

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in literature as any of his friends and relatives, including the nervous Howells.)

Now the objection to this kind of lay analysis is not that it doesn't produce some provocative or persuasive glimpses of the literary behavior of a vastly talented and neurotic artist; it is not even that Kaplan's conclusions are insufficiently accounted for in his notes. (The notes are plentiful and unobtrusive, but they are awkwardly arranged by catch phrase and the selection occasionally appears arbitrary. There is no critical bibliography or acknowledgment of the previous work done on Twain, such as the Brooks-DeVoto controversy). The real objection is that Kaplan's psychological conjectures are offered at random, even gratuitously; they are not coherent themes in a systematic, thoroughly developed critical theory.

One of the reasons Twain encourages psychological speculation is that he himself offered such a limited or distorted view of his own creative process. Whether writing was a gambit or an escape, the notion of literary effort

seems to have been foreign to him. In a sense he was not a writer at all, but a speaker, a performer, and his subtle analyses of his platform style are more revealing than anything he ever had to say about the craft of fiction. (About his wisest observation of his own work was the familiar *précis* of *Huck Finn*: "A book of mine where a sound heart and a deformed conscience come into collision and conscience suffers defeat.") In his autobiography and to a lesser extent in his correspondence, Twain's tone is that of a Lyceum personality or celebrity. He is rarely introspective, he conceals his emotions beneath the standard jargon of the occasion, or he subordinates his values to the expectations of his audience. (Nonetheless, this material is often as original and outrageous as anything in American literature.)

Kaplan reconstructs Clemens' friendships and enmities, his ambiguous role as the idol of the common man and the pet and protégé of plutocracy, as thoroughly and as convincingly as is likely to be done. As a writer, Clemens

stood outside American society of the Gilded Age (sometimes), but as a businessman he embraced it with a blinding entrepreneurial zeal. He was a brilliant skeptic, who gulled himself into supporting an endless series of doomed promotional schemes. His loyalty to democratic life was as intense as his commitment to an elitist view of society. Many of his friends considered him the gentlest and most charming man they had ever known. Yet few of them escaped his vituperative judgments (Howells and General Grant seem to have been two exceptions), and his treatment of his extravagantly vagrant, pathetically inept brother, Orion, was savage. (He once suggested to Orion, who was perhaps the most significant of Clemens' many "doubles," that the brother undertake to write two projected volumes that Clemens didn't have time for. One was titled *Autobiography of a Coward*, the other *Confessions of a Life That Was a Failure*. Orion responded by sending him installments almost daily for three years, until Clemens finally told him "you cannot achieve even a respectable

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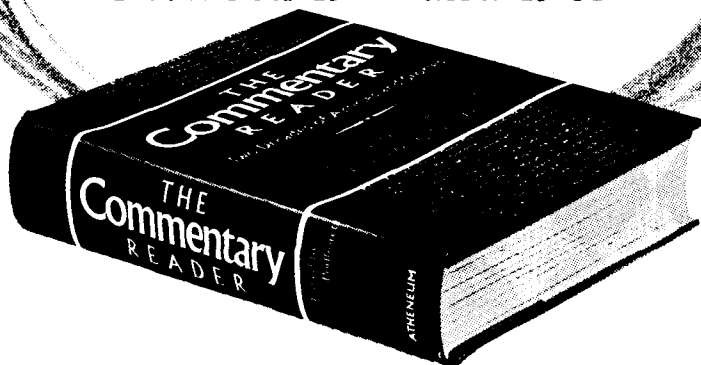
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mediocrity.") He could tell smutty stories to a group of Yale students on a trans-Atlantic liner, then, upon returning to his family exercise the most rigid kind of Victorian control over his daughters. One month away from declaring bankruptcy and haunted by visions of the poorhouse, he was capable of sustaining a manic marathon of social indulgence. In an America full of split personalities, Clemens' was a chasm.

Of all the ways in which Clemens was victimized by success, Kaplan has selected one for special attention. In 1880 Twain invested in the Paige Typesetter, a decision which, over the next 15 years, was to cost him \$200,000.

"Clemens' psyche as well as his fortune came to be disastrously over-invested in the typesetter's gears and levers. For him the machine was poetry and power, the brass and steel fulfillment of his century. When the machine died, more than money died with it."

The history of this incredible devotion to the fickle, seductive, illusory Main Chance is the history of the writer's affair with the machine, and by patiently reconstructing certain crucial episodes in Clemens' later life, Kaplan has shifted the understanding of Clemens' withdrawal from family tragedy to those entrepreneurial disasters of aspiration and credulity. Money frequently displaces sex in his work. As Kaplan puts it, "He was notoriously reticent about depicting mature sexual and emotional relationships, but he did write a kind of pornography of the dollar."

Was the West of his boyhood idyllic or squalid? Was his Hartford experience of the Gilded Age a degeneration from the past or merely the growing pains of democratic progress? Which Twain are we to believe—the hearty, tough American patriot of *Innocents Abroad* or the dark cynic of *Pudd'n-head Wilson*? Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain answers most of these questions quite convincingly, and if Kaplan has also raised other questions, and then obscured the answers—well, perhaps we should accept his observation that "the genius works in a dazzling darkness of his own which normal modes of explanation hardly penetrate. . . ."

ART

The Detroit Scene

The Art Institute of Detroit's new wing, the first of two, is remarkable in a couple of ways. First, the financing. Half came from the Public Works Acceleration Program, a federal program for putting money to work in depressed areas, a designation which depends on unemployment figures. Three years ago, when the Institute was six months along in a campaign for the new wing, its director, Willis F. Woods, learned that a museum project could qualify as well as a new municipal building or a hospital. Institute president Lawrence F. Fleischman—who has since resigned to become a partner in the Kennedy Gallery, New York—and Mayor Jerome Cavanaugh worked fast and got a grant of \$1,800,000 just weeks before Detroit made it out of the depressed area classification. The city being unable to appropriate anything for this purpose

on short notice, the matching half was raised entirely by private subscription, substantially from a staunch benefactor of the Institute, Mrs. Edsel B. Ford. The city, for its part, has undertaken to finance the second, or north, wing of the Institute, for which excavation has already begun.

The south wing, just opened, thus represents an unusual venture of federal money into solid, tangible cultural facilities. The new and excellent National Council for the Arts has so far been almost entirely programmatic. No doubt this is as it should be. The federal government is already overcommitted to the support of the construction industry, from ticky-tacky houses across the land to veterans hospital contracts for major party contributors. The Council has wisely decided to keep most of its extremely limited funds available for the actual support of artistic creation—the training of talent and the education of audiences.

The most remarkable thing about the south wing in Detroit is the building itself. It's remarkable not so much because it wasn't built by Yamasaki, the city's brilliant and best-known architect, as because it wasn't even built by Philip Johnson, who has, during the museum expansion period we are in, become the more or less official purveyor of architecture to the trade. The wing was designed by a local firm, Harley, Ellington, Cowin and Stirton, with another local architect, Gunnar Birkerts, serving as consultant and apparently largely responsible for the excellence of the building.

The first problem to solve was that of compatibility with the old, neo-classic Institute building, erected in 1922 on just about perfect Palladian lines. Birkerts and his client made no move in that direction. The wing is to the south and to the rear of the old building, the connecting area being the corners of both. But the new building, in the words of its occupants, "has no corners," by which they mean that all its exterior corners are glass, tinted

light gray, for about three feet in both directions. This removes no usable wall space on the inside and floods most of the rooms with what might be called controlled daylight.

The shape is a great block of polished gray granite. The proportions of the neo-classic original are maintained and the polished granite reflects dimly the side of the original. Those two relations are enough. Continuity is not violated, yet there is no impression of trying to continue a dead style.

At the actual area of join, the most difficult and potentially troublesome place has been turned brilliantly into an asset for the Institute. The join is in open space, walled by the exterior of the old building and by the open entries of the new, roofed by a modular and geometric ceiling, with daylight,

PAULINE KAEL to THE NEW REPUBLIC

The editors are pleased to announce that Pauline Kael will review current movies, beginning in September. She "plays no favorite," reports *Newsweek*, "snaps angrily at the puffed-up Hollywood epics just as readily as she pans the arty art film."

Miss Kael grew up in San Francisco, California, (she was a philosophy major at Berkeley), has made experimental movies, written scripts, broadcast, lectured at colleges in the US, Canada and England. She has written for numerous other publications (*Partisan Review*, *The Atlantic*, *Life*, *Film Quarterly*, *McCall's*) and is represented in several anthologies.

In 1964, she received a Guggenheim Fellowship for film criticism and last year, Atlantic-Little Brown published a collection of her pieces, *I Lost It at the Movies*, which is on the paperback best-seller list.

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the full three stories up, forming a large, balconied, light and spacious sculpture court. There is another court in the new wing, a two-storied one at the other end. These courts give the same kind of exhilarating space that the neo-classic original has in its entryway, in a cloister court recently roofed by Yamasaki as a high tent, and, of course, in the Rivera court, where the Mexican Communist's murals still provide a valid historical comment on what was the supremely American industry of the second quarter of the century.

The neo-classic space renewed in the interior courts of the new wing is also manifested as free flowing horizontal space within the new structure. There are thirty-eight individual galleries in the new wing, exactly doubling the space the Institute had before, yet in only a few are you conscious of moving from one room into another. More often the wide openings make some things in the next gallery present to you while you are still in the first and there is no sharp transition from room to room. The plain walls are covered with linen, edged with teak, footed with

bronze, all closely related in muted tones, all beautifully suited to show the art in the superb interior light with minimum distraction of architecture.

That, probably, is the final triumph of the wing. It does carry on the neo-classic spaciousness of the original with modesty and reserve, but it succeeds at the same time, as neo-classic never attempted, in all but effacing itself for the sake of its contents.

The contents themselves have never been seen so well. As a reasonably frequent visitor to the Institute, I had never been conscious that Detroit had much at all in the way of primitive art, but the new wing, on the ground floor, magnificently displays rooms of African, pre-Columbian and Kwakiutl material. The expansion has also made room, in the old building, for fine new installation of a pioneering specialty of the house, Canadian folk art. Detroit was on to that before the Canadians were and the collection has some lovely pieces, both domestic and ecclesiastic.

But the great strengths at Detroit have always been the Germanic and Netherlands paintings and sculpture of

the 15th and 16th Centuries and the German Expressionism of the early 20th. Both sections are now in the new wing, where the visitor is able to see the continuity that links the Rieman-schneider carving or the great Breughel "Wedding Dance" with the mystical sunflowers of Nolde and the fever of Schmidt-Rottluff.

In an age of museum expansion, Detroit has provided an example and a pleasure for the eye and the mind.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

TRB and LBJ

Sirs:

If I read T.R.B. (June 25) correctly, he would almost categorically vote for "party line" Democrats in preference to maverick peace and civil rights candidates in the coming congressional elections. . . . Civil Rights and labor organizations have had to face this same problem: how to avoid being taken for granted by the Democrats while being written off by the Republicans. The solution is to maintain a flexible attitude. The greatest good can be extracted from the political parties if they are made to compete for voter allegiance.

Thus I intend to auction my vote to the candidate or platform or party which I think will do the best job for the country and the world. After all, worse things than a Republican Congress could happen to us. We could give Lyndon Johnson the "yes men" required in Congress to give him a free hand in Southeast Asia.

Dale Hurliman
Neshanic Station, N.J.

By praising LBJ's courage for having until then resisted the Bomb Hanoi proponents, T.R.B. was implying that Johnson is some sort of a moderate. In my judgment, 300,000 American troops suppressing a revolution and 100,000 more on the way is neither moderate nor courageous.

By denouncing those peace candidates who have the courage to oppose the fence sitters and the "moderate" Democrats who support the Administration's

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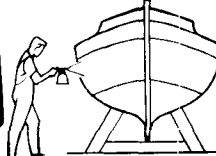
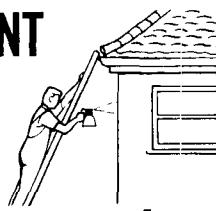
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Aaron L. Goldman
New York City

As a long-time reader of *The New Republic* and generally an avid supporter of its views, I was dismayed upon reading T.R.B.'s statement of June 25: "In any contest between a sitting Democratic moderate and a so-called 'peace' candidate, T.R.B. would almost certainly be for the former. A lot of peace candidates are running who could turn defeat into a rout. . . ."

In the first place, to anyone who believes 1) that peace is imperative if democracy and everything we hold dear are not to go down the drain, and 2) that the war in Vietnam is unjustified, immoral, and a crime against humanity, there is no alternative but to support the peace candidates.

Secondly, the emasculation of President Johnson's Great Society began precisely when these moderate Democrats gave him their wholehearted support following the phony Gulf of Tonkin debacle. Their support has since been used to accelerate the murder in Vietnam, and only a few congressmen have spoken out against such escalation. . . .

Moderate candidates who continue to support President Johnson's foreign policies are doing a disservice to the Great Society. As the war accelerates the reactionaries on both sides of the political fence will have stronger arguments to further curtail domestic programs. . . .

I. L. Beauchamp
Reseda, California

Black Power

Sirs:

The editorial "Black Power" (June 18) raises quite a few questions. The first — "what white can in good conscience criticize Negroes who come to believe their salvation lies in black power?" The author answers by implication, "none." But the tone of his article suggests that the answer is an irrational one — that the question itself of black power, is irrational, the deep cry of the dark heart. This attitude, I firmly be-

lieve, is at the basis of all white misunderstanding of the black world. The white man assumes two things: that he is basically rational and that the black man is basically irrational. Yet there is no white American, however high or low his station, who would stomach being represented by a black president, or a black senate, or a black committee or whatever power figure had the most direct effect on him, without raising, at the very least, his voice in protest. Particularly if that representative had — not white, but black interests at heart. Can you imagine a black subcommittee studying a white ghetto? . . .

I do not believe that black power (nor white power, for that matter) will solve the so-called Negro problem; it would, however be a likely first step, because it would deal directly with the feelings — violent though they are — that have been building up on both sides for decades.

Another misunderstanding lies in the writer's naive question: "Have we been deceiving ourselves by assuming that most Negroes want the same things as most whites — a good education, a decent home, income, respect, etc." The answer is "yes we have." We have treated the problem as one of poverty when in reality it is one of persecution. The blacks want a say — an active say, in what happens to them. America is run by whites, for whites and the real black man is more interested in having a hand in running his part of America than in a good home. What the writer

of "Black Power" is saying, not so subtly is that without whiteness, the black man is nowhere. "Do advocates of black power think the government — the US Government might prevent them from taking offices to which they had been elected?" The answer is probably "yes." The government (does it matter which?) won't prevent the taking perhaps. But the using? The federal government's passive stand on white violence surely amounts to approbation of it. The black man can no longer look to the paternalistic, liberal white for help. America is still involved with all the old slave days images and practically the only one who sees through the lies and self-deception is the violent black — the man who has never yet dealt his own cards.

Sally Dufek
New York City

Poverty Programs

Sirs:

It is surprising to see *The New Republic* join the "do-nothing" crusade against the use of social research for guiding poverty programs — a crusade that has traditionally occupied publications which are opposed to the very notion of rational social planning. The attack would have been more palatable if Mr. Ridgeway had anything constructive to say about how the new and massive programs to alleviate poverty should be planned and guided.

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Research and evaluation programs are pitifully small in relation to the total antipoverty efforts. In suggesting otherwise the reporting is more imaginative than factual. Both items dealing with the Bureau of Social Science Research are grossly inaccurate; the purposes of other research mentioned are so misstated that the studies appear silly and irrelevant to antipoverty policy guidance; much of the good - and not necessarily expensive - research is ignored.

Mr. Ridgeway ends his piece with the suggestion that the poor be hired to "carry out the research design" in poverty research. To say that the analysis of social problems should be conducted by the victims of social inequity is comparable to recommending that the patient conduct his own diagnosis; or to hiring the poor to do *The New Republic's* articles on poverty, regardless of the skills and objectivity required. If Mr. Ridgeway had dug a bit deeper he could have found plenty of instances where "the poor" have indeed been employed in social research studies on poverty in capacities where their knowledge and abilities have been helpful.

Robert T. Bower, Director
Bureau of Social Science Research
Washington, D. C.

Is Integration Irrelevant?

Sirs:

I am a conservative Republican, who enjoys *The New Republic* so much, that this is the first time I have ever written to criticize an editorial.

I must, I feel, take you to task over "Is Integration Irrelevant?" in the June 4 issue. You are at once alarmed that Negroes might not use civil rights the way you want them used. You become "Nervous Nellies" at the prospect of Negroes rejecting partnership in the "Great Society." In Stokely Carmichael's desire for Negroes to build and control their own social, political and economic institutions, you see failure of the "New Deal," the "Fair Deal," and the "Great Society." What you liberals seem loath to admit, is that Negroes are beginning to see nothing for themselves in such a society as we have today, which liberals helped to shape so mightily. . . .

I urge liberal civil rights workers and liberal legislators who draft the annual civil rights bills, to consider their work like a fence around a garden - then leave it to men like Stokely Carmichael and others of a similar philosophy to grow a truly Negro society which can in time choose a way to relate itself to our morally, spiritually, and financially bankrupt "Great Society."

I can understand your pain at Mr. Carmichael's words. One of my favorite sayings is the Dick Gregory maxim, "Hell hath not the fury of a liberal scorned."

Robert H. Glotzer
Chicago, Ill.

New Breed of "Reform"?

Sirs:

Martin F. Nolan's statement (June 25): "So Bobby [Kennedy], while off in South Africa, became a champion of judicial reform, as well as a hero to reform Democrats . . ." goes much too far on at least two points. This aspirant dictator may well have become a hero to some of the new breed of "reform" leaders who have no principle they would not cheerfully sacrifice for power. Most of us rank-and-file reformers are, however, a good deal more discriminating in our hero-worship. As to judicial reform, it has escaped few of us that the Kennedy nominee for the federal bench is that eminent attorney, Buffalo boss Peter J. Crotty.

Donald J. Miller
New York, N.Y.

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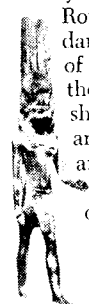
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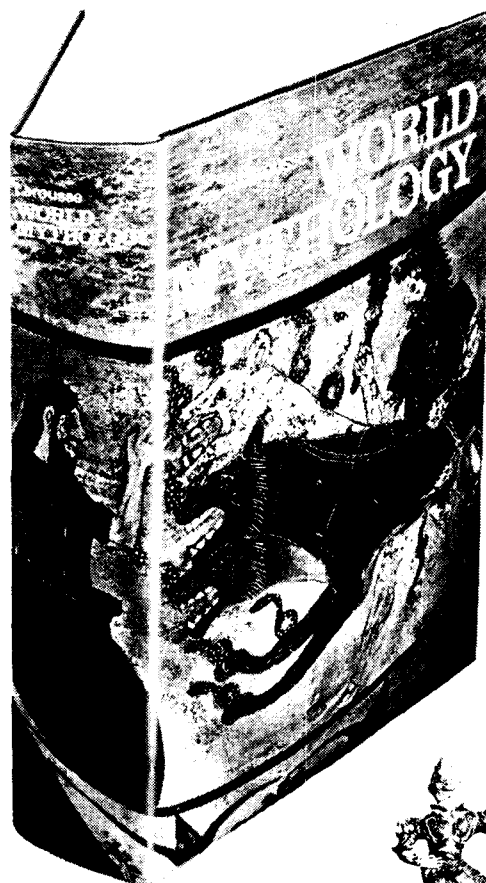
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